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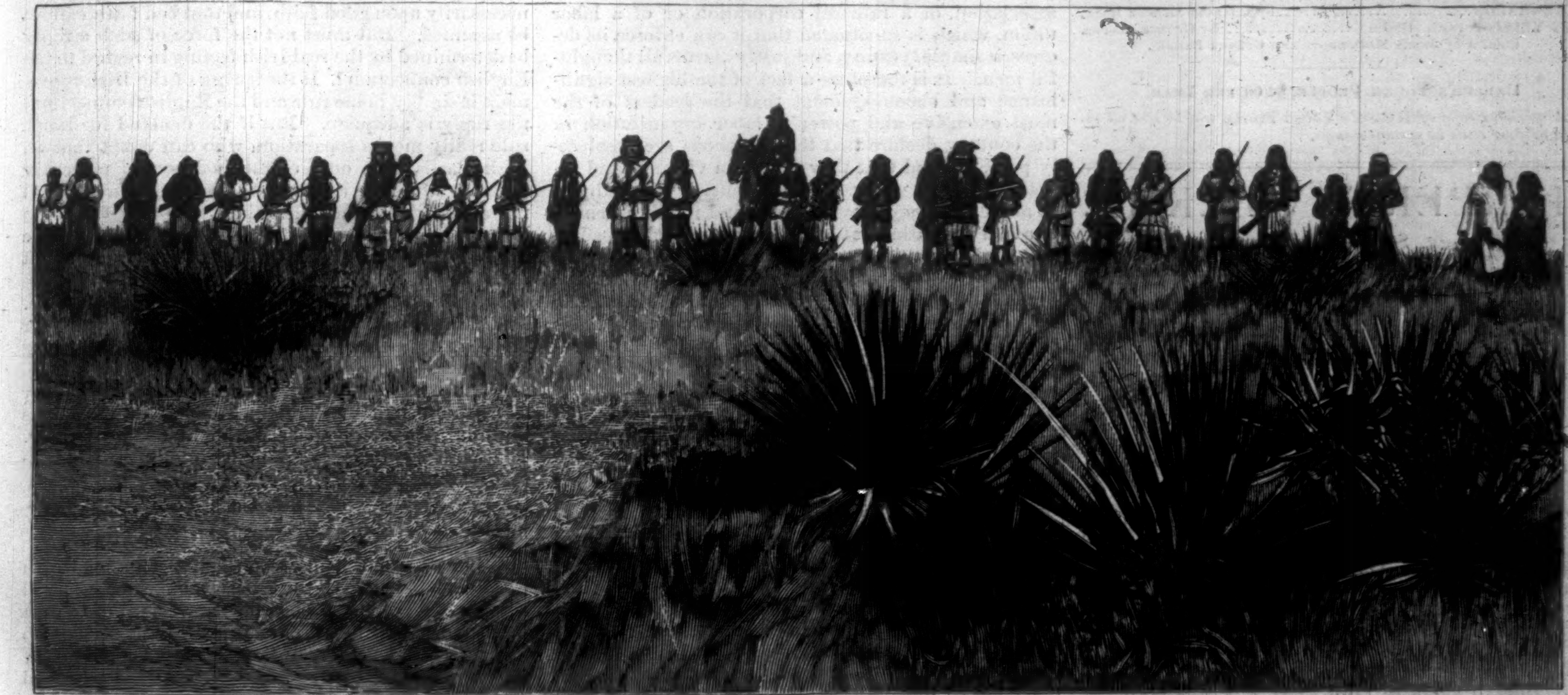
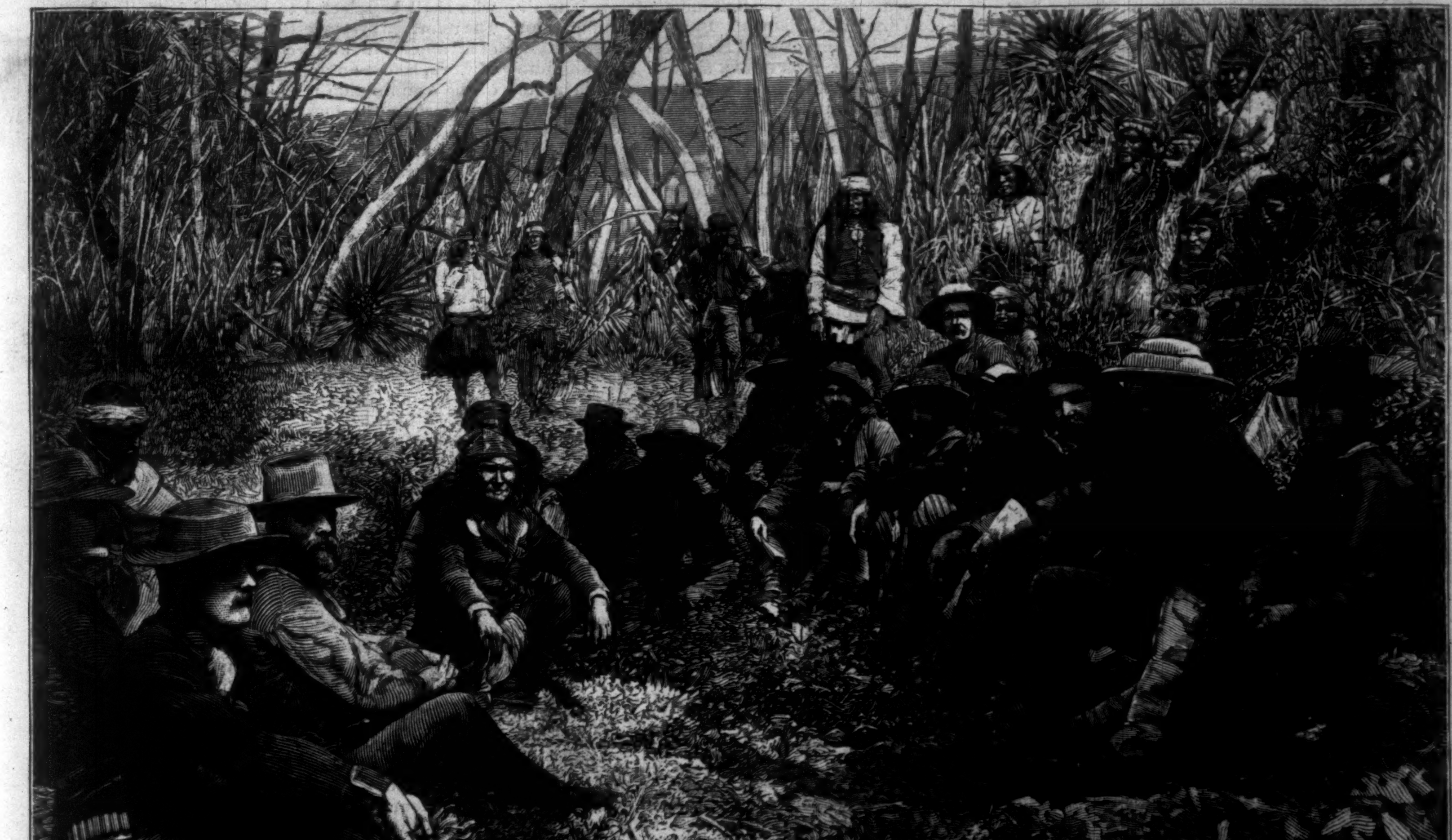


GERONIMO AND HIS BAND.



Captain ROBERTS. GERONIMO. NANA. Lieutenant MAUS. Interpreters. Captain BOURKE. General CROOK.

GENERAL CROOK'S CONFERENCE WITH GERONIMO.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE APACHE WAR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. S. FLY, TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA.—[SEE PAGE 266.]

"Every week the beautiful pages of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE give 'gladness and mirth' to the boys and girls of America."—*Evangelist, New York.*

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1886.

THE BOYCOTT.

THE boycott is not a new controversial weapon, although that name has been recently adopted, and the scope of the ban has been greatly extended. It was practised against Tories in this country during the Revolution, and the non-importation leagues were leagues of boycotters against English manufactures. But it was revived in its present form by PARNELL. In a speech at Ennis four or five years ago he said:

> "Now what are you to do to a tenant who bids for a farm from which another has been evicted? You must shun him on the road-side when you meet him; you must shun him in the shop; you must shun him in the fair green and in the market-place and in the place of worship. By leaving him severely alone, by putting him in a moral Coventry, by isolating him from the rest of his countrymen as if he were the leper of old, you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed."

Three days afterward the ban was applied to Captain BOYCOTT, an agent of Lord ERNE, and so rigorously that he could hire no laborer, and his crops were saved only by a body of Ulster Orangemen under an escort of seven thousand soldiers and police. The boycott is a new form of terrorism, but within the letter of the law. It seeks to destroy its victims, not by the guillotine or the dagger, but by depriving them of the means of support. It is intended to show that if a man does not do what an organized body of other men demand, however outrageous the demand may be, he and his family will be ruined. It is the annihilation of individual freedom, and forbids a man to follow his conscientious convictions in the discharge of his own duty.

Of course we do not mean that this is always its intention. But it is a two-edged sword. It is a tremendous weapon for wrong as well as for right, and there is no security that it will not be used by the worst of men for the worst of purposes. Thus a body of men order Mrs. GRAY to turn away her employés if they will not join a certain association. She refuses to coerce them in any way. Thereupon the men, foiled in their effort to deprive her of the control of her own business, try to ruin her by preventing others from dealing with her. This is a crime against freedom, an outrage upon the American principle, and it will be resented and redressed by the spontaneous action of the honest public until the American love of liberty is extinct. The boycott, as experience in Ireland and elsewhere shows, is a proceeding which necessarily tends to disorder. It professes to be a peaceful remedy for grievances, and to act without violence. But this view is not sustained either by the facts in regard to Mrs. GRAY in New York, or in the great disturbance in the Southwest. The statements of Mr. POWDERLY, indeed, and the earnest and evidently effective appeal of Mr. BROWN to the rioters at East St. Louis after the unwarranted shooting the other day, show that the purpose of the Knights of Labor in imposing a boycott is to do no violence. Mr. BROWN forced the ringleader of the rioters to acknowledge that he was not a member of the fraternity, and his appeal did much to restrain the fury of the mob. But it is not enough that no violence is done. The question for Mr. POWDERLY and Mr. BROWN, and for all in whose name they speak and act, is this: knowing that an excited throng of men upon a strike and enforcing a boycott is an inflammable mass which a spark will kindle into a consuming fire, has everything been done by their leaders to avoid a catastrophe?

Have the workmen been ordered, for instance, in the Southwest to keep away from the railroads, to put themselves out of the reach of temptation, and to keep within their undeniable right not to work except upon terms satisfactory to themselves, and their equally undeniable right to make common cause with others whom they hold to be justly aggrieved? If not, then the leaders are to blame, because the real strength of the movement of organized labor lies in public sympathy, and in a community where every man votes, and where the courts are always open, and where legal redress for wrong is accessible, there is no public sympathy for disorder and violence and manifest injustice. We are not saying that the boycotters are the only offenders. Public condemnation ought to fall upon combinations of capital against the public welfare quite as much as upon those of labor. A pool of great corporations to raise the price of any necessary article—bread, or coal, or salt, or sugar—is a crime against society as heinous as the combination of some working-men to prevent other men from working. The power of organized and consolidated capital is one of the most threatening perils of modern society. The arbitrary will, whether of an individual or of an association, of a railroad corporation or of a labor union, which is so situated that it can enforce its decrees, is simple tyranny, and justly alarms all thoughtful men. It is therefore a fact of the highest significance and encouragement that the leaders of the most extensive and powerful labor organization in the country declare that their methods are absolutely peaceful, and that they condemn violence and injustice. They will command general sympathy if in any emergency they add wise and timely warning to avoid the paths that lead to violence and injustice, and if they punish peremptorily and adequately all offenders. Corporate combinations of capital, on the other hand, are not tempted to break the law. Their offence is corrupting legislatures and courts. Their offence may be plainly much more dangerous to society than the open violation of law. The strikers upon the Broadway Railroad may have been hasty or in the wrong. We do not say that they were. But we certainly say that their offence was venial compared with that of SHARPE and his confederates.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE central point of interest for every country during the last fortnight has been the British Parliament, in which the greatest of living statesmen, and the English Minister who will be ranked with the greatest of English ministers—SOMERS, WALPOLE, the PITTS, and Sir ROBERT PEEL—proposed his scheme for the settlement of one of the oldest and most difficult questions in European politics: the relations of England and Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE'S personal presence and power cast a certain glamour over the presentation of his scheme which at the first moment gave it an air of success even in Parliament. But the reaction began at once, and the tone of Lord HARTINGTON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Mr. TREVELYAN showed how absolute and final was the rupture between them and their late leader. Their attitude, not only uncompromising, but hostile, revealed the extent and quality of the opposition. The Tories, the old Whigs, and the chief Radicals appeared armed and equipped against the Liberal chief. Moreover, their conviction and resolution seemed to be much more positive than those of the supporters of the GLADSTONE scheme. The chief Liberal press, the *Spectator* in London, the Manchester *Guardian*, the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, and at the other extreme the organ of Cardinal MANNING, alike condemned the proposition. No great Liberal lieutenant arose to sustain the great Liberal leader. Few public meetings have responded to his call. Plainly the first result of the proposal to give Ireland a local legislature is the dissolution of the Liberal party. Sir ROBERT PEEL withstood his party, but he carried the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. GLADSTONE may be compelled to see both the dissolution of his party and the rejection of his policy. But personally he will not suffer. He may be driven finally from power, like Sir ROBERT PEEL. But, as HENRY BULWER said of the latter, Mr. GLADSTONE will be "himself a party."

The second great result of his action is that he has marked the line of the demand for home rule for Ireland from which the Irish party will not recede. He has seen plainly that there is no alternative between rigid coercion and some form of home rule. He may be mistaken. It may be that the policy of what Lord HARTINGTON calls "the undisputed supremacy of the law," which means coercion, may be maintained peaceably in Ireland. But it does not seem to be probable. If the sentiment of Lord HARTINGTON'S speech and of the *Spectator* be correct, and the Irish are utterly unfit for self-government, why should Irish representatives be allowed to take part in the government of England? and as those representatives in the British Parliament will certainly continue to demand local self-government for Ireland, and are able to obstruct legislation, or to force a combination of parties for the express purpose of defeating them, what will Parliament do? Does it not seem probable that under the circumstances the only practicable quiet in Ireland would be that of Warsaw? So far as can be judged at this distance—and we concede the extreme difficulty of judging justly such a situation in another country—it would seem that the tone of FROUDE'S history of the *English in Ireland* is that of England toward Ireland to-day. If it be so, it would seem to be inevitable that the defeat of the GLADSTONE bill would be followed by a policy of the most vigorous repression in Ireland.

The serious doubt in regard to the practicability of Mr. GLADSTONE'S plan does not lie in any provision of detail which it may be found wise to modify, but in the total want of any provision for enforcing the operation of the bill. If the Irish legislature should transcend the line of action described by the law—if, in fact, the exact divergence should arise that was foreshadowed in the GRATTAN Parliament upon the Regency Bill, or the situation that PITT pointed out in his plea for the necessity of union, what could be done, except to repeal the GLADSTONE act, and how could that be accomplished in the absence of the representatives of Ireland, whose votes would have secured the passage of the act? The natural reply to this proposition is that so great a settlement proceeds necessarily upon good faith, and that bad faith cannot be assumed. But must not the force of such a reply be determined by the real Irish feeling in regard to the English connection? If the spring of the Irish movement is simply home rule and the English connection, the reply is adequate. But if the demand for home rule really means separation, who can doubt that an Irish Parliament, once established, would presently claim an authority which the British Parliament could not acknowledge, and that the attempt to repeal the law establishing the Irish legislature would produce serious trouble? It is fair to assume, however, that such objections have been foreseen by Mr. GLADSTONE, and that the due explanations will be made. But, in any case, the alternative is now clear: either Ireland must be governed by England with the strong hand, or the general policy indicated by Mr. GLADSTONE must be carried out. There is, indeed, one other supposition, namely, that the Irish agitation means nothing, and will vanish at the first "firm" blow. That is the serious belief of many intelligent Englishmen. But Lord HARTINGTON can hardly believe it.

AN INCONSIDERATE SUGGESTION.

WE trust that it is not true that Mr. COX, of North Carolina, chairman of the House Committee on Civil Service Reform, has proposed as a measure of reform the examination of all clerks now in the service, to test their fitness for retention. The true test of fitness is actual service, and consequently the reformed system does not provide, as is constantly alleged by its enemies, to determine fitness for appointment by examination, but provides examination to determine who shall be selected to be tested by actual service. The reformed system establishes, first, an examination of all applicants, and second, a probation of six months of work, before an appointment is made. The object of the examination is to secure fair play for all, and to ascertain the most intelligent among the applicants. Appointment, however, does not depend upon the result of the examination, but upon the result of the probation after the examination. No applicant, indeed, is placed upon probation who has not passed the examination. But success in the examination is but the first step toward appointment. The sneer at appointment by competitive examination is therefore perfectly pointless.

Now examination as applied to actual employés in the civil service is useless, because the whole term of such employés is a probation, and if that probation shows that they are incompetent, they should be dismissed, however successfully they might pass an examination. This dismissal would be in strict accordance with the soundest principles of reform, and promoting the improvement of the service by the prompt discharge of incompetent persons was among the good reasons for leaving the power of removal unrestricted. There are, undoubtedly, many incompetent clerks in the service who ought to be dismissed. But these very clerks might pass an examination triumphantly, just as an applicant might pass an examination successfully and yet be found upon trial unfit for appointment.

It is a plausible assertion that those who are already in the service ought to be able to pass an examination which it is necessary for new applicants to pass before they can enter the service. But obviously no honest and efficient and satisfactory employé ought to be discharged so long as he attends strictly and effectively to his duty. If, however, he be unfit for the service, from ignorance or any other reason, he should be dropped at once. The object of the reformed system is to secure a service founded, not upon personal or partisan favor, but upon proved individual merit. The examination and probation are the prescribed methods for determining that merit. But if it has been satisfactorily ascertained by actual service, that is enough. What is to be gained by trying to ascertain something else, and making that the test of merit? The natural misconception from which the proposition for an examination of all incumbents springs is the supposition that fitness for appointment is determined under the reformed system by examination. But the moment it is understood that examination is only an introduction to probation, the reason that examination of incumbents is unnecessary becomes evident and conclusive.

THE LIBRARY OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

We recently commended the first number of the *Political Science Quarterly*, edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College. It is one of the many signs of the vigor of the college, and of its adaptation to the life and movement of the time. Columbia College is a school of learning admirably equipped, and if its traditional character is conservative, it means to hold its place among the chief colleges of the country. The desire for a great university in the city naturally turns to Columbia College as its nucleus, and the sole need is the development of the existing organization.

The librarian of the college makes an appeal for the library. Its use as a consulting and circulating library is offered not only to the students, but to all the alumni in the city and vicinity. It is not a free public library, but properly authenticated students are gladly admitted. The library is nobly housed, and it has every convenience of attendance and system. But it needs aid to complete its collections and to keep pace with the advance of scholarship and literature.

Gifts for this purpose are solicited. Special departments could be maintained by moderate funds. The librarian estimates that ten thousand dollars would provide adequately for the department of Philosophy; an equal sum for Political Economy, Social Science, Comparative Philology, or the Pure Mathematics; fifteen thousand would provide for Chemistry, twenty thousand for Physics, and the same sum for General and Constitutional History. The librarian states the matter alluringly. He has mastered the art of showing how pleasantly and successfully the man who would raise to his memory a monument more durable than brass can do it. It is by giving the fund to complete and continue one of these great departments of the library.

THE NIAGARA RESERVATION.

The *Post-Express* of Rochester interprets the recent remark of Harper's Weekly that the Niagara Reservation should be left "in a simple, natural condition of turf and walks and trees," and that "no new disfigurements would be introduced," to mean that it should become the subject of elaborate landscape treatment, and consequently "a source of enormous yearly expenditure." This, however, is what the article to which the *Post-Express* alludes plainly opposes, and in all the discussion pending the passage of the bill, the Weekly, with all other advocates of the project, insisted that the grounds should be kept in a simple and not a highly ornate condition, and constantly cited the character of the Commissioners as an ample guarantee against all jobbery.

But jobbery and expense and failure are inevitable unless this simple and proper disposition of the grounds is secured by an intelligent and honest expert. We presume that Mr. Rogers and Mr. Dorsheimer and Mr. Robb and President Anderson would agree with us that nothing would more certainly tend to secure the result that all intelligent citizens desire than suggestions, for instance, from Mr. Olmsted, who is no more capable of jobbery than the Commissioners themselves. We do not mention Mr. Green, because he is understood to have had differences with Mr. Olmsted at Central Park.

The *Post-Express* will find it a difficult task to put us on the side of jobbery.

THE FOUR P'S MUST GO.

Senator Platt, of Connecticut, opened the debate upon secret sessions with a very forcible and conclusive argument. There is really nothing to urge in reply but precedent and the feelings of those who are nominated. But the Senator showed that there was always a feeling that secret sessions were unwise, and that there has been a constant disregard of the rule requiring secrecy. He reaffirmed Senator Sherman's remark that in a government like ours there should be no secrets, and declared that there was a general public demand that the doors shall be opened.

Privilege and prerogative, said Mr. Platt, as well as patronage and perquisites, are words that should have no significance here, and reform is fatally ineffective until they disappear from familiar use. The Senator is unquestionably correct. They are words describing things which belong to exclusive and class governments, and which have no rightful place under popular institutions. The natural tendency of every great official body in the state, like the Senate, is to grasp and extend power, and it is a tendency which can be withstood effectually only by a resolute and intelligent public opinion.

We shall see with regret distinguished Senators opposing the change contemplated by Senator Platt's resolution. The country has a right to know both those who recommend persons for appointment to the public service and the reasons for their rejection. The practical unanimity of the press in favor of opening the doors, to which Senator Platt alluded, is a very significant fact. It shows that the moment the question was asked, the instinctive reply was that secret sessions are a tradition without reason. They are not justified by the common-sense of the people to-day, and therefore they will be abolished.

THE FAMILIAR SCANDAL.

No city was ever so deeply disgraced by its municipal government as the city of New York. Fourteen years ago the exposure of the Tweed Ring revealed a corruption in that government which had mastered Legislatures and courts, and was plotting to control the national administration; and as we write all of the living ex-members of the late Board of Aldermen, except two, are held for trial for bribery and corruption, or are in hiding.

Such a shame is unprecedented. It is in itself a sharp satire upon popular elections, as well as upon the character and public spirit of New York; and the worst of it is that, bad as it is, no citizen probably feels himself to be humiliated, or is conscious of any personal responsibility. To the most stupid man, however, such facts forecast a constant deterioration of the situation. Such knavery as is disclosed by this Broadway Railroad investigation does not correct itself. It goes from worse to worse, and the consequences fall upon those who make no effort to stay the rascality. If the increasing theft of the property of good citizens does not persuade them to do anything for their own relief, no moral appeal will avail.

When election-day arrives, the voter must vote, or he must refuse to vote. The latter course merely satisfies the knaves, and for the voting the knaves themselves have provided the alternative, so that however a man votes he votes wrong. There is no short-cut out of the dilemma. There is no way to make voting in the city easy, or to secure good results from it, except by taking a great deal of trouble, and giving time and care and energy to the work. Until that is done, there will be a perpetual succession of Jake Sharps and "boodle" Aldermen.

THE CHINESE OUTRAGES.

An old American resident of Canton writes that the original emigration of Chinese to California was drawn chiefly from that province, and that the Americans living there might justly expect the severest retaliation for the barbarous treatment of the Chinese in this country, "were the Chinese people of the sort of brutes that their assailants on the Pacific slope of the United States are." The recent Pacific outrages were followed by pressing telegraphic appeals from the Consul-General of China and the guild of merchants at San Francisco to the Chinese authorities, and the American resident adds: "The Viceroy therefore very properly telegraphed to the Chinese Minister at Washington the grave aspect given to local affairs by the stern rebuff of the President, as telegraphed from London," which, he says, greatly shocked the residents.

The representations from San Francisco were to the effect that the riots were mainly the work of the "Irish," and the Viceroy of the province of Canton requested the British Consul there to send a telegram to her Majesty's government "to try and make these numerous Irish subjects in San Francisco behave better." At the very moment of these wanton attacks upon the helpless Chinese who, unfortunately for themselves, have come to this country, the chief Chinese officers in the viceroyalty of Canton had just paid their annual subscriptions for the maintenance of the charitable medical relief society for Americans and English. The contrast in humanity and Christian charity is not favorable to the foreigners upon the Pacific slope who abuse the name and the hospitality of America.

In presence of these crimes, a general massacre of Americans in China might be justly anticipated, and the attitude of our government in saying that it can do nothing puts it before the world in a ridiculously imbecile light. The resolutions of American legislatures in favor of Irish home rule show profound interest in the Irish vote in this country. But if it is oppression which stirs the legislators, why are they silent upon the wanton crimes against innocent foreigners, committed by those who pass for American citizens? There is no Chinese vote. But the Chinese are human beings, and there is such a thing as American honor.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE REPUBLIC.

One of the most important, timely, and significant of recent works is *The Railways and the Republic*, by James F. Hudson, just published by the Harpers. It appears at a moment when universal attention is directed to the subject, which is treated in the work with a fulness of information, a courage, insight, and sagacity, which are sure to attract general attention. The introductory chapter upon Railway Domination is a strong and clear statement of the situation, which the author holds to require decisive remedies. The blessings produced by railways are so familiar and so constantly celebrated that he justly thinks the time to have arrived for a careful and comprehensive presentation of the public dangers which they have also developed. If it should appear that a vast multitude of abuses of every kind, threatening private property and equal public rights, and legislative corruption and even the courts of law, have accompanied the growth of this vast power, it is a question of vital importance whether these are necessary results of that growth, and how the public welfare is to be defended against them.

With complete knowledge and familiarity with details, the work describes in an exceedingly interesting and intelligible manner the abuses which have sprung from railway domination. It tells with graphic skill the tale of the tyranny of great corporations, tracing the course of legislation and judicial interpretation, exposing clearly the scope of the pooling policy, the course of competition and combination, and so proceeding to the discussion of remedies. The public welfare demands, not lower railway charges nor legislative tariffs, but "the enforcement of the principle that all persons have equal rights, and that all the services of the railways shall be performed with impartiality, and at charges based on the same standard of cost."

The usual arguments for non-interference are stated with entire candor, and answered simply and clearly. The railway corporations must be subordinated to the will of the people. Their power as now exercised the author believes to be a standing peril to popular integrity and republican freedom, because it is perverting the machinery of government from being an agency of the people, and making it an agency of the corporations. "The only effective reform is to destroy the cause out of which all the evils of the system spring, by taking away the monopoly of the railways, and making them public highways in fact as well as in name." The work is a striking and valuable contribution to the discussion of a question which daily becomes more important, and which cannot be set aside.

PERSONAL.

The little cottage at Barbizon which some American admirers of the painter Millet are trying to buy for his widow has a real value of about $2000, and was rented to Millet for $80 a year, but since his death it has acquired a sentimental value perhaps ten times greater. Millet's landlord was M. Sensier, formerly a government clerk at a small salary, and afterward the biographer of the painter. When unable to pay his rent in money, as was often the case, Millet offered pictures instead, sometimes giving ten or twelve canvases, worth to-day at least $50,000, to meet an obligation of $80. So profitable was his landlord's dealings with him, with Rousseau, and with other great artists similarly circumstanced that Sensier died worth $160,000. His daughter is now the owner of Millet's house. Millet once sold five oil-paintings for seventy-five francs.

—M. Durand-Ruel, the Paris art dealer, who has brought to this country three hundred paintings by the French Impressionists, is one of the few men of his class who may be said to live by faith. For many years he has been in the habit of spending his money in encouraging unfashionable painters of promise. Thirty years ago, like his father before him, he bought the finest landscapes of Corot for $200 each. The elder Ruel purchased Delacroix's great figure piece "Hamlet and Horatio" for forty-two francs. It belongs now to M. Heine, the Paris banker, who paid $4000 for it, and its present value is $12,000. M. Ruel believes that the best works of the Paris Impressionists will by-and-by fetch as good prices as do Millet's and Corot's to-day; and, in accordance with this faith, he is constantly lending money to such men as Monet and Renoir, besides buying their pictures when nobody else wants them.

—The reception to Mr. W. D. Howells by the Authors' Club on the 22d of April promises to be notable. A number of gentlemen distinguished in other professions than literature have been invited to meet him. The occasion will be purely informal, without set toasts or speeches.

—Lieutenant Baker, of the United States sloop of war *Juniata*, entertained a small party of friends at breakfast, a few days ago, in the cabin of that vessel off the Brooklyn Navy-yard. Before taking seats at the table, which stands directly over the powder-magazine, the guests made the tour of the *Juniata*, examining her rifled guns and her "brig," or lock-up, and asking the usual number of questions. An ice-making machine had just been put on board, for the comfort of the forth-coming cruise. Lieutenant Baker has been making extended scientific studies in the natural history of the sea, and is about ready to publish the result of his investigations. He is a brother of the late Rev. William M. Baker, the novelist.

—Uncle Sam's marines still complain that, unlike their brothers in the army, they are obliged to pay for their uniforms out of their scanty wages. But they have some hope that Congress will put them on as favorable a footing as the soldiers, although this hope has been long deferred. The officers who command them are in a similar predicament—"dressing like dukes on the pay of barbers," to quote their favorite formula.

—"Would you advise me to send my son to the Naval Academy?" asked a New-Yorker of a well-known naval officer. "By all means," was the reply, "if he will not study hard enough to become one of the first ten honor men of his class. In that case the government will honorably drop him after graduation, and he will be able to start in life with the best possible education and a *douceur* of a thousand dollars."

—The late Mr. George B. Butler, who died in this city on the 13th of April, at the age of seventy-seven, was for many years the attorney of A. T. Stewart, after serving in a similar capacity for the Hudson River Railroad Company, an active member of the Committee on Political Reform, and during a part of his busy life an associate editor of the *Journal of Commerce*. One of his three sons, Mr. George B. Butler, is a painter of figure subjects and of portraits.

—Ex-Minister to England John Welsh, dead in his eighty-first year, was a representative merchant of Philadelphia, proud of his city, and honored by its inhabitants, who gave him a purse of $50,000 in testimony of their appreciation of his services as President of the Centennial Board of Finance. He used the money in endowing a chair in the University of Pennsylvania. He was the founder of a hospital, a man of integrity and loftiness of purpose. A portrait of Minister Welsh appeared in this journal on November 17, 1877.

—Besides giving his name to the Fairbanks scales, the late Thaddeus Fairbanks was a citizen of public spirit and blameless life. He attained the great age of ninety-one. His father operated a grist and saw mill, in which the son assisted him; and when a young man Thaddeus invented new cooking stoves and new ploughs. One of his many benefactions was the erection of the academy at St. Johnsbury, Vermont, at a cost of $200,000. His portrait was published in this journal February 10, 1877. His only surviving child is the Rev. Henry Fairbanks, formerly professor in Dartmouth College, and now preacher in St. Johnsbury. Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks was the last of the original members of the firm of E. & T. Fairbanks, which has had a national and cosmopolitan reputation for fifty years.

—Frederick Denison Maurice said of the late Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin, when they were both professors in King's College, London: "To have been intimate so long as we have been, we are very unlike, and I sometimes fear that we do not understand each other, from reserve on his side, or mine, or both. Nevertheless, I love and admire him very heartily; the fault is, I suppose, that we never quarrelled enough."

—One of Mr. Holman Hunt's reviewers recalls the characteristic criticism of a carpenter who saw his great picture of Christ as "The Light of the World." "Why," he asked, "is there no sawdust on the floor underneath that half-sawn plank?"

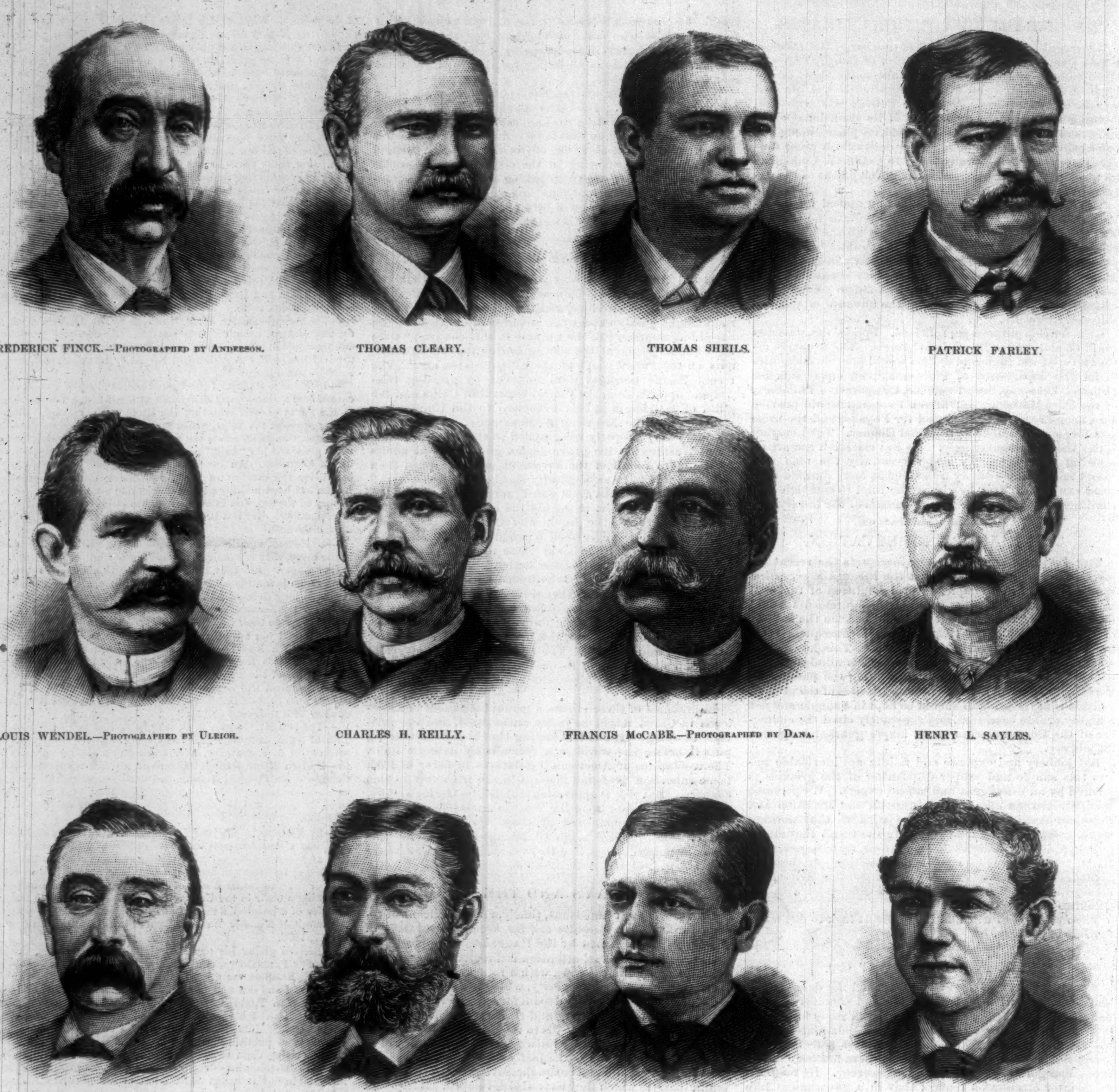
—The Grolier Club publicly announced that only one hundred and fifty copies of its reprint of an old work would be issued. Its secretary discovered that two copies on vellum had been printed in addition. The club immediately ordered Nos. 149 and 150 of the principal edition to be destroyed, in order to prevent the issue of a single one more than one hundred and fifty copies. The London *Athenæum*, in mentioning the incident, describes it as "an act of sacrifice for the repose of the souls of future collectors."

—"It has been my good fortune," said the late Sir Henry Taylor, "to have listened to the conversation of most of the great writers of the present age, and I have observed that they all repeated themselves more than other men, and that this did in no respect detract from the interest of their discourse, but rather enhanced it, as what recurred often was what I most wished to dwell upon."

—An English reviewer finds it noticeable that Bret Harte's women say very little, and that little generally to the point.

—A lady of Angers, France, belonging to what is described as the upper middle class, has given $40,000 to found an orphan asylum which shall be managed solely by laymen and lay-women, and shall remain entirely under civil control.

—Those who attend service in Grace Church have only to look around them to see the indebtedness of that beautiful Gothic structure to Miss Catherine Lorillard Wolfe. The entire chancel building, with its marble reredos and magnificent east window, is her gift; the larger organ, in the chancel choir, was paid for out of her pocket; and a door at the left of the chancel opens into Grace House, a handsome two-story marble edifice devoted to the administrative purposes of the church. Over this door is a marble tablet inscribed with the information that these gifts are "to the honor of God, and in loving memory of His servant, John David Wolfe," the father of the donor, who for eight years was the senior warden of the church. The silver communion service and the altar cloths are later benefactions of the same lady.



FREDERICK FINCK.—Photographed by Anderson.

THOMAS CLEARY.

THOMAS SHEILS.

PATRICK FARLEY.

LOUIS WENDEL.—Photographed by Ulrich.

CHARLES H. REILLY.

FRANCIS McCABE.—Photographed by Dana.

HENRY L. SAYLES.

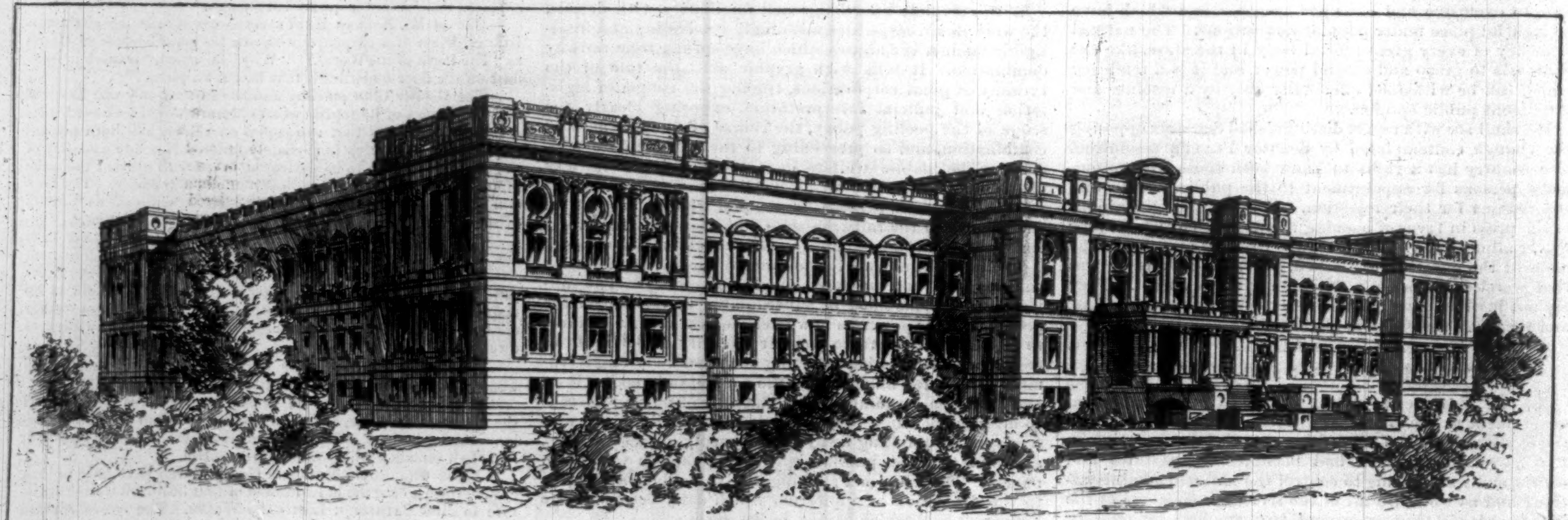
MICHAEL DUFFY.

WILLIAM H. MILLER.

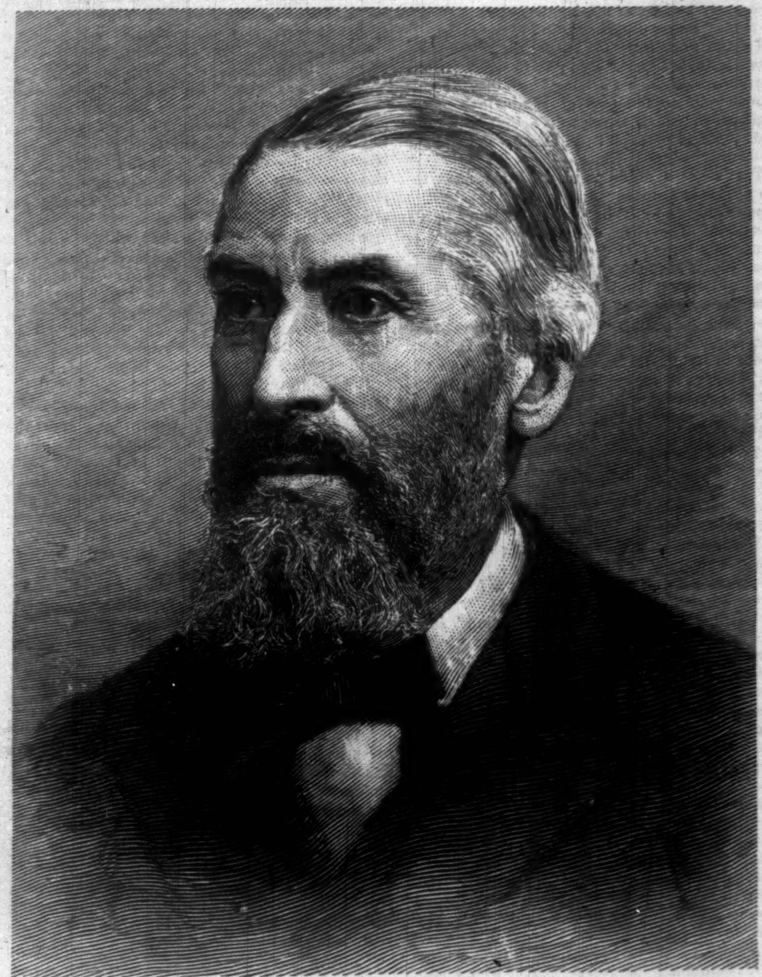
CHARLES DEMPSEY.—Photographed by Dana.

ARTHUR J. McQUADE.—Photographed by Mora.

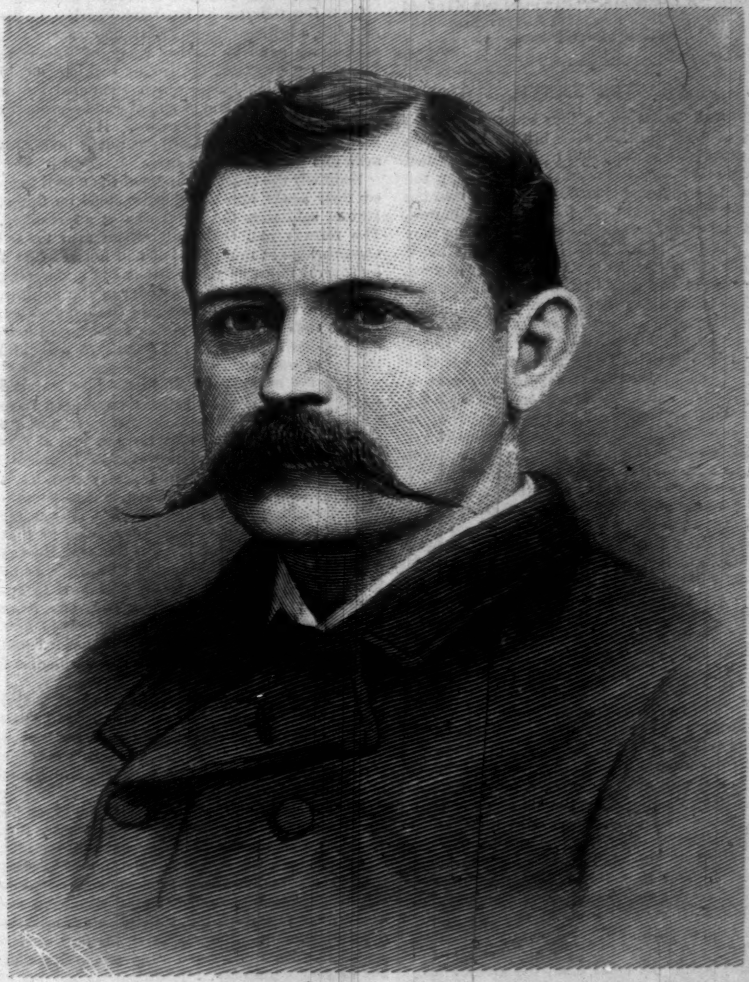
THE INDICTED ALDERMEN OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 267.]



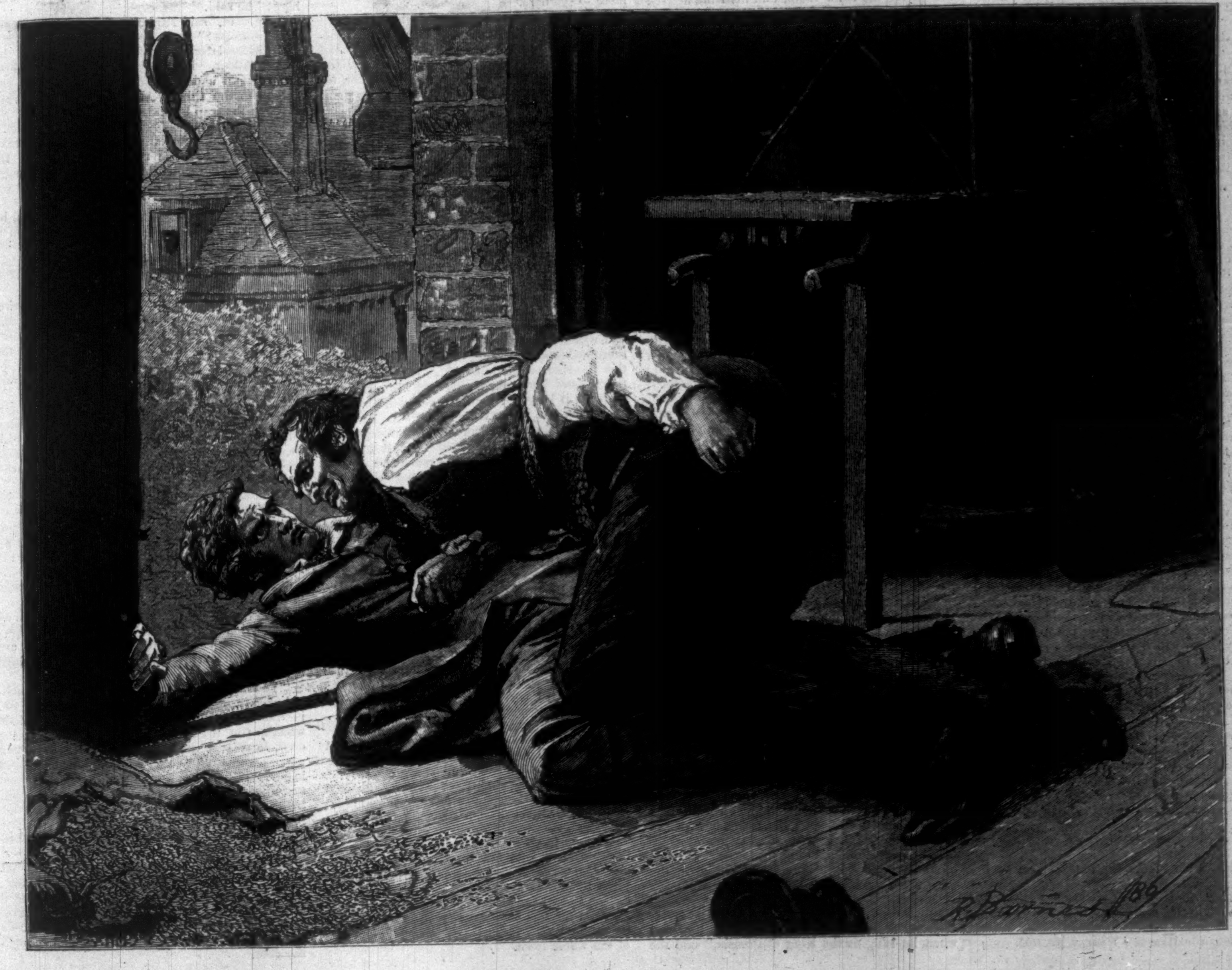
ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.—Drawn by Louis Joutel from the Architect's Drawings.—[See Page 263.]



AINSWORTH R. SPOFFORD, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[SEE PAGE 263.]



REV. JAMES M. TAYLOR, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF VASSAR COLLEGE.
[SEE PAGE 263.]



"NEVER LOOSENING HIS HOLD TILL FARFRAE'S FAIR HEAD WAS HANGING OVER THE WINDOW-SILL."—[SEE SERIAL "THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE," PAGE 262.]

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Such was the state of things when the current affairs of Casterbridge were interrupted by an event of such magnitude that its influence reached to the lowest social stratum there, stirring the depths of its society so sensibly as to cut into the midst of the preparations for the skimmington. It was one of those excitements which, when they move a country town, leave a permanent mark upon its chronicles, as a warm summer permanently marks the ring in the tree trunk corresponding to its date.

A royal personage was about to pass through the borough on his course further west to inaugurate an immense engineering work out that way. He had consented to halt half an hour or so in the town, and to receive an address from the Corporation of Casterbridge, which, as a representative centre of husbandry, wished thus to express its sense of the great services he had rendered to agricultural science and economics by his zealous promotion of designs for placing the art of farming on a more scientific footing.

Royalty had not been seen in Casterbridge since the days of the third King George, and then only by candle-light for a few minutes when that monarch, on a night journey, had stopped to change horses at the Golden Crown. The inhabitants, therefore, decided to make a thorough *fête carillonnée* of the unwonted occasion. Half an hour's pause was not long, it is true; but much might be done in it by a judicious grouping of incidents, above all if the weather were fine.

The address was prepared on parchment, by one Miggs, who was handy at ornamental lettering, and was laid on with the best gold-leaf and colors that Turpess the sign-painter had in his shop. The Council met on the Tuesday before the appointed day to arrange the details of procedure. While they were sitting, the door of the Council Chamber standing open, they heard a heavy footstep coming up the stairs. It advanced along the passage, and Henchard entered the room in clothes of frayed and threadbare shabbiness, the very clothes which he had used to wear in the primal days when he had sat among them.

"I have a feeling," he said, advancing to the table and laying his hand upon the green cloth, "that I should like to join ye in this reception of our illustrious visitor. I suppose I could walk with the rest?"

Embarrassed glances were exchanged by the Council, and Grower nearly ate the end of his quill pen, so gnawed he it during the silence. Farfrae, the young Mayor, who by virtue of his office sat in the large chair, intuitively caught the sense of the meeting, and as spokesman was obliged to utter it, glad as he would have been that the duty should have fallen to another tongue.

"I hardly see that it would be proper, Mr. Henchard," said he. "The Council are the Council, and as ye are no longer one of the body, there would be an irregularity in the proceeding. If ye were included, why not others?"

"I have a particular reason for wishing to assist at the ceremony."

Farfrae looked round. "I think I have expressed the feeling of the Council?" he said.

"Yes, yes," from several.

"Then I am not to be allowed to have anything to do with it officially?"

"I am afraid so; it is out of the question, indeed. But of course you can see the doings full well, such as they are to be, like the rest of the spectators."

Henchard did not reply to that very obvious suggestion, and turning on his heel, went away.

It had been only a passing fancy of his, but opposition crystallized it into a determination. "I'll welcome his Royalty, or nobody shall!" he went about saying. "I am not going to be sat upon by Farfrae, or any of the rest of the paltry crew. You shall see."

The eventful morning was bright, a full-faced sun confronting early window-gazers eastward, and all perceived (for they were practised in weather lore) that there was permanence in the glow. Visitors soon began to flock in from county houses, villages, remote copses, and lonely uplands, the latter in oiled boots and tilt bonnets, to see the reception, or if not to see it, at any rate to be near it. There was hardly a workman in the town who did not put a clean shirt on. Solomon Longways, Christopher Coney, Buzzford, and the rest of that fraternity showed their sense of the occasion by advancing their customary eleven-o'clock pint to half-past ten as an initiatory duty, from which they found a difficulty in getting back to the proper hour for several days.

Henchard had determined to do no work that day. He primed himself in the morning with a glass of rum, and walking down the street met Elizabeth Jane, whom he had not seen for a week. "It was lucky," he said to her, "my twenty years had expired before this came on, or I should never have had the nerve to carry it out."

"Carry out what?" said she, alarmed.

"This welcome I am going to give our royal visitor."

She was perplexed. "Shall we go and see it together?" she said.

"See it! I have other fish to fry. You see it. It will be worth seeing!"

She could do nothing to elucidate this, and decked herself out with a heavy heart. As the appointed time drew near she got sight again of her step-father. She thought he was going to the King of Prussia; but no, he elbowed his way through the gay throng to the shop of Woolfrey, the draper. She waited in the crowd without.

In a few minutes he emerged, wearing, to her surprise, a brilliant rosette, while, more surprising still, in his hand he carried a flag, of somewhat homely construction, formed by tacking one of the small Union-Jacks, which abounded in the town to-day, to the end of a deal wand—probably the roller from a piece of calico. Henchard rolled up his flag on the door-step, put it under his arm, and went down the street.

Suddenly the taller members of the crowd turned their heads, and the shorter stood on tiptoe. It was said that the royal *cortège* approached. The railway had stretched out an arm toward Casterbridge at this time, but had not reached it by several miles as yet; so that the intervening distance, as well as the remainder of the journey, was to be traversed by road, in the old fashion. People thus waited and watched the far-stretching London highway to the ringing of bells and chatter of tongues.

From the background Elizabeth Jane watched the scene. Some seats had been arranged from which ladies could witness the spectacle, and the front seat was occupied by Lucetta just at present. In the road under her eyes stood Henchard. She appeared so bright and pretty that, as it seemed, he was experiencing the momentary weakness of wishing for her notice. But he was far from attractive to a woman's eye, ruled as that is so largely by the superficies of things. He was not only a journeyman, unable to appear as he formerly had appeared, but he disdained to appear as well as he might. Everybody else, from the Mayor to the washer-woman, shone in new vesture according to means; but Henchard had doggedly retained the weather-beaten garments of by-gone years.

Hence, alas, this occurred: Lucetta's eyes slid over him to this side and to that without anchoring on a feature—as gayly dressed women's eyes will often do on such occasions. Her manner signified quite plainly that she meant to know him in public no more.

But she never tired of watching Donald, as he stood in animated converse with his friends a few yards off, wearing round his young neck the official gold chain with great square links like that round the royal unicorn. Every trifling emotion that her husband showed as he talked had its reflex on her face and lips, which moved in little duplicates to his. She was living his part rather than her own, and cared for no one's situation but Farfrae's that day.

At length a man stationed at the furthest turn of the high-road, namely, on the second bridge of which mention has been made, gave a signal, and the Corporation in their robes proceeded from the front of the Town-hall to the archway erected at the entrance to the town. The carriages containing the royal visitor and his suite arrived at the spot in a cloud of dust, a procession was formed, and the whole came on to the Town-hall at a walking pace.

This spot was the centre of interest. There were a few clear yards in front of the royal carriage, and into this space a man stepped before any one could prevent him. It was Henchard. He had unrolled his private flag, and removing his hat, he advanced to the side of the slowing carriage, waving the Union-Jack to and fro with his left hand, while he blandly held out his right to the illustrious personage. All the ladies said, with bated breath, "Oh, look there!" and Lucetta was ready to faint. Elizabeth Jane peeped through the shoulders of those in front, saw what it was, was terrified, and then her interest in the event as a strange phenomenon got the better of her fear.

Farfrae immediately rose to the occasion. He seized Henchard by the shoulder, dragged him back, and told him roughly to be off. Henchard's eyes met his, and Farfrae observed the fierce light in them, despite his excitement and irritation. For a moment Henchard stood his ground rigidly, then by an unaccountable impulse gave way and retired. Farfrae glanced to the ladies' gallery, and saw that his Calphurnia's cheek was pale.

"Why, it is your husband's old patron!" said Mrs. Blowbody, a lady of the neighborhood, who sat beside Lucetta.

"Patron!" said Donald's wife, with quick indignation.

"Do you say the man is an acquaintance of Mr. Farfrae's?" observed Mrs. Bath, the physician's wife, a new-comer to the town.

"He works for my husband," said Lucetta.

"Oh, is that all? They have been saying to me that it was through him your husband first got a footing in Casterbridge. What stories people will tell!"

"They will indeed. It was not so at all. Donald's genius would have enabled him to get a footing anywhere, without anybody's help! He would have been just the same if there had been no Henchard in the world."

It was partly Lucetta's ignorance of the circumstances of Donald's arrival which led her to speak thus; partly the sensation that everybody seemed bent on snubbing her at this triumphant time. The incident had occupied but a few moments, but it was necessarily witnessed by the royal personage, who, however, with practised tact, affected not to have noticed anything unusual. He alighted, the Mayor advanced, the address was read, the visitor replied, then said a few words to Farfrae, and shook hands with Lucetta, as the Mayor's wife. The ceremony occupied but a few minutes, and the carriages rattled up the straight High Street, and out upon the great open road, in continuation of the journey coastward.

In the crowd stood Coney, Buzzford, and Longways. "Some difference between him now and when he sang at the King o' Proosia," said the first. "'Tis wonderful how he could get a lady of her quality to go snacks with him in such quick time."

"True. Yet how folk do worship fine clothes! Now there's a better-looking woman than she that nobody notices at all, because she's akin to that mandy fellow Henchard."

"I could worship ye for saying that," remarked Nance Mockridge. "I do like to see the trimming pulled off such Christmas candles. I am quite unequal to the part of villain myself, or I'd gie all my small silver to see that lady toppered.... And perhaps I shall soon," she added, significantly.

"That's not a noble passion for a woman to keep up," said Longways.

Nance did not reply, but every one knew what she meant. The ideas diffused by the reading of Lucetta's letters at Peter's Finger had condensed into a scandal, which was spreading like a miasmatic fog through Mixen Lane, and thence up the back streets of Casterbridge.

This mixed assemblage of idlers known to each other, presently fell apart into two bands by a process of natural selection, the frequenters of Peter's Finger going off Mixen Lane-ward, where most of them lived, while Coney, Buzzford, Longways, and that connection remained in the street.

"You know what's brewing down there, I suppose?" said Buzzford mysteriously to the others.

Coney looked at him. "Not the skimmity-ride?"

Buzzford nodded.

"I have my doubts if it will be carried out," said Longways. "If they are getting it up they are keeping it mighty close."

"I heard they were thinking of it a fortnight ago, at all events."

"If I were sure o't I'd lay information," said Longways, emphatically. "'Tis too rough a joke, and apt to wake riots in towns. We know that the Scotchman is a right enough man, and that his lady has been a right enough woman since she came here, and if there was anything wrong about her afore, that's their business, not ours."

Coney reflected. Farfrae was still liked in the community; but it must be owned that, as the Mayor and man of money, engrossed with affairs and ambitions, he had lost in the eyes of the poorer inhabitants something of that wondrous charm which he had had for them as a light-hearted, penniless young man, who sang ditties as readily as the birds in the trees. Hence the anxiety to keep him from annoyance showed not quite the ardor that would have animated it in former days.

"Suppose we make inquiration into it, Christopher," continued Longways; "and if we find there's really anything in it, drop a letter to them most concerned, and advise 'em to keep out of the way?"

This course was decided on, and the group separated, Buzzford saying to Coney, "Come, my ancient friend; let's move on. There's nothing more to see here."

These well-intentioned ones would have been surprised had they known how ripe the great jocular plot really was. "Yes, to-night," Jopp had said to the Peter's party at the corner of Mixen Lane. "As a wind-up to the royal visit, the hit will be all the more pat by reason of their great elevation to-day."

To him, at least, it was not a joke, but a reprisal.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The proceedings had been brief—too brief—to Lucetta; but they had brought her a great triumph, nevertheless. The shake of the royal hand still lingered in her fingers; and the chit-chat she had overheard, that her husband might possibly receive the honor of knighthood, though idle to a degree, seemed not the wildest vision; stranger things had occurred to men so good and captivating as her Scotchman was.

After the collision with the Mayor, Henchard had withdrawn behind the ladies' rostrum; and there he stood, regarding with a stare of abstraction the spot on the lapel of his coat where Farfrae's hand had rested. He put his own hand there, as if he could hardly realize such an outrage from one whom it had once been his wont to treat with ardent generosity. While pausing in this half-stupefied state, the conversation of Lucetta with the other ladies reached his ears; and he distinctly heard her deny him—deny that he had assisted Donald, that he was anything more than a common journeyman.

He moved on homeward, and met Jopp in the archway to the bull stake. "So you've had a snub," said Jopp.

"And what if I have?" answered Henchard, sternly.

"Why, I've had one too, so we are both under the same displeasure." He briefly related his attempt to win Lucetta's intercession.

Henchard merely heard his story, without taking it deeply in. His own relation to Farfrae and Lucetta overshadowed all kindred ones. He went on saying, brokenly, to himself, "She has supplicated to me in her time, and now her tongue won't own me nor her eyes see me!.... And he—how angry he looked! He drove me back as if I were a bull breaking fence.... I took it like a lamb, for I saw it could not be settled there. He can rub brine on a green wound, he can.... But he shall pay for it, and she shall be sorry. It must come to a tussle—face to face; and then we'll see how a coxcomb can front a man!"

Without further reflection the fallen merchant, bent on some wild purpose, ate a hasty dinner, and went forth to find Farfrae. After being injured by him as a rival, and snubbed by him as an *employé*, the crowning degradation had been reserved for this day—that he should be shaken by the collar by him as a vagabond in the face of the whole town.

The crowds had dispersed. But for the green arches which still stood as they were erected, Casterbridge life had resumed its ordinary shape. Henchard went down Corn Street till he came to Farfrae's house, where he knocked, and left a message that he would be glad to see his employer at the granaries as soon as he conveniently could come there. Having done this, he proceeded round to the back, and entered the yard.

Nobody was present, for, as he had been aware, the laborers and carters were enjoying half-holiday on account of the events of the day—though the carters would have to return for a short time later on to feed and litter down the horses. He had reached the granary steps, and was about to ascend, when he said to himself, aloud, "I'm stronger than he."

Henchard returned to a shed, where he selected a short piece of rope from several pieces that were lying about; hitching one end of this to a nail, he took the other in his right hand, and turned himself bodily round, while keeping his left arm against his side. By this contrivance he pinioned the latter effectively. He now went up the ladders to the top floor of the corn-stores.

It was empty, except of a few sacks, and at the further end was the door, often mentioned, opening under the cathead and chain that hoisted the sacks. He fixed the door open, and looked over the sill. There was a depth of thirty or forty feet to the ground. Here was the spot on which he had been standing with Farfrae when Elizabeth Jane had seen him lift his arm, with many misgivings as to what the movement portended.

He retired a few steps into the loft, and waited. From this elevated perch his eye could sweep the roofs roundabout, the upper part of the luxurious chestnut-trees, now delicate in leaves of a week's age, and the drooping boughs of the limes, Farfrae's garden, and the green door leading therefrom. In course of time—he could not say how long—that green door opened, and Farfrae came through. He was dressed as if for a journey. The low light of the nearing evening caught his head and face when he emerged from the shadow of the wall, warming them to a complexion of flame-color. Henchard watched him with his mouth firmly set, the squareness of his jaw and the verticality of his profile being unduly marked.

Farfrae came on with one hand in his pocket, and humming a tune in a way which told that the words were most in his mind. They were those of the song he had sung when he arrived, years before, at the King of Prussia, a poor young man, adventuring for life and fortune, and scarcely knowing whitherward:

> "And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
> And gie's a hand o' thine."

Nothing moved Henchard like an old melody. He sank back. "No; I can't do it," he gasped, "Why does the infernal fool begin that now?"

At length Farfrae was silent, and Henchard looked out of the loft door. "Will ye come up here?" he said.

"Ay, man," said Farfrae. "I couldn't see ye. What's amiss?"

A minute later Henchard heard his feet on the lowest ladder. He heard him land on the first floor, ascend and land on the second, begin the ascent to the third. And then his head rose through the trap behind.

"What are you doing up here at this time?" he asked, coming forward. "Why didn't ye take your holiday like the rest of the men?" He spoke in a tone which had just severity enough in it to show that he remembered the untoward event of the forenoon.

Henchard said nothing; but, going back, he closed the stair hatchway, and stamped upon it so that it went tight into its frame; he next turned to the wondering young man, who by this time observed that one of Henchard's arms was bound to his side.

"Now," said Henchard, quietly, "we stand face to face—man and man. Your money and your fine wife no longer lift ye above me as they did but now, and my poverty does not press me down."

"What does it all mean?" asked Farfrae, simply.

"Wait a bit, my lad. You should have thought twice before you affronted to extremity a man who had nothing to lose. I've borne your rivalry, which ruined me, and your snubbing, which humbled me; but your hustling, that disgraced me, I won't stand!"

Farfrae warmed a little at this. "Ye'd no business there," he said.

"As much as any one among ye. What, you forward stripling, tell a man of my age he'd no business there?" The anger-vein swelled in his forehead as he spoke.

"You insulted Royalty, Henchard; and 'twas my duty, as the chief magistrate, to stop ye."

"Royalty be ——," said Henchard. "I am as loyal as you, come to that."

"I am not here to argue. Wait till you are cool, wait till you are cool, and you will see things as I do."

"You may be the one to cool first," said Henchard, grimly. "Now this is the case. Here be we, in this foursquare loft, to finish out that little wrestle you began this morning. There's the door, forty foot above-ground. One of us two puts the other out by that door—the master bides inside. If he likes, he may go down afterward and give the alarm that the other has fallen out by accident—or he may tell the truth—that's his business. As the strongest man, I've tied one arm to take no advantage of ye. D'ye understand? Then here's at 'ee!"

There was no time for Farfrae to do aught but one thing—to close with Henchard immediately, for the latter had come on at once. It was a wrestling match, the object of each being to give his antagonist a back fall, and on Henchard's part, unquestionably, that it should be through the door.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

At the outset Henchard's hold by his only spare hand, the right, was on the left side of Farfrae's collar, which he firmly grappled, the latter holding Henchard by his collar with the contrary hand. With his right he endeavored to get hold of his antagonist's left arm, which, however, he could not do, so adroitly did Henchard keep it in the rear as he gazed upon the lowered eyes of his fair slim antagonist.

Henchard planted the first toe forward, Farfrae crossing him with his; and thus far the struggle had very much the appearance of the ordinary wrestling of those parts. Several minutes were passed by them in this attitude, the pair rocking and writhing like trees in a gale, both preserving an absolute silence. By this time their breathing could be heard. Then Farfrae tried to get hold of the other side of Henchard's collar, which was resisted by the larger man exerting all his force in a wrenching movement, and this part of the struggle ended by his forcing Farfrae down on his knees by sheer pressure of one of his muscular arms. Hampered as he was, however, he could not keep him there, and Farfrae finding his feet again, the struggle proceeded as before.

By a fearful whirl Henchard brought Donald dangerously near the precipice; seeing his position, the Scotchman for the first time locked himself to his adversary, and all the efforts of that infuriated Prince of Darkness—as he might have been called from his appearance just now—were inadequate to lift or loosen him for a time. By an extraordinary effort he succeeded at last, though not until they had got far back again from the fatal door. In doing so Henchard contrived to turn Farfrae a complete somersault. Had Henchard's other arm been free, it would have been all over with Farfrae then. But again he regained his feet, wrenching Henchard's arm considerably, and causing him sharp pain, as could be seen from the twitching of his face. He instantly delivered the younger man an annihilating turn by the left fore-hip, as it is expressed, and following up his advantage thrust him toward the door, never loosening his hold till Farfrae's fair head was hanging over the window-sill, and his arm dangling down outside the wall.

"Now," said Henchard, between his gasps, "this is the end of what you began this morning. Your life is in my hands."

"Then take it," said Farfrae. "You've wished to long."

Henchard looked down upon him in silence, and their eyes met. "Oh, Farfrae—that's not true!" he said, bitterly. "God is my witness that no man ever loved another as I did thee at one time. . . . And now—though I came here to kill 'ee, I cannot hurt thee. Go and give me in charge—do what you will—I care nothing for what comes of me."

He withdrew to the back part of the loft, and flung himself into a corner upon some sacks in the abandonment of remorse. Farfrae regarded him in silence; then went to the hatch, and descended through it till lost to view. Henchard would fain have recalled him, but his tongue failed in its task, and the young man's steps died on his ear.

Henchard took his full measure of shame and self-reproach. The scenes of his first acquaintance with Farfrae rushed back upon him—that time when the curious mixture of romance and thrift in the young man's composition so commanded his heart that Farfrae could play upon him as on an instrument. So thoroughly subdued was he that he remained on the sacks in a crouching attitude, unusual for a man, and for such a man. Its womanliness sat tragically on the figure of so stern a piece of virility. He heard a conversation below, the opening of the coach-house door, and the putting in of a horse, but took no notice.

Here he staid till the thin shades thickened to opaque obscurity, and the loft door became an oblong of gray light—the only visible shape around. At length he arose, shook the dust from his clothes wearily, felt his way to the hatch, and gropingly descended the steps till he stood in the yard.

"He thought highly of me once," he murmured. "Now he'll hate me, and despise me forever!"

He became possessed by an overpowering wish to see Farfrae again that night, and by some desperate pleading attempt the well-nigh impossible task of winning pardon for his late mad attack. But as he walked toward Farfrae's door, he recalled the unheeded doings in the yard while he had lain above in a sort of stupor. Farfrae he remembered had gone to the stable and put the horse into the gig; while doing so Whittlebone had brought him a letter; Farfrae had then said that he would not go toward Budmouth as he had intended, that he was unexpectedly summoned to Weatherbury, and meant to call at Mellstock on his way thither, that place lying but three or four miles out of his course.

He must have come prepared for a journey when he first arrived in the yard, unsuspecting enmity; and he must have driven off (though in a changed direction) without saying a word to any one on what had occurred between themselves.

It would therefore be useless to call at Farfrae's house till very late.

There was no help for it but to wait till his return, though waiting was almost torture to his restless and self-accusing soul. He walked about the streets and outskirts of the town, lingering here and there till he reached the stone bridge of which mention has been made—an accustomed halting-place with him now. Here he spent a long time, the purl of waters through the weirs meeting his ear, and the Casterbridge lights glimmering at no great distance off.

While leaning thus upon the parapet, his listless attention was awakened by sounds of an unaccustomed kind from the town quarter. They were a confusion of rhythmical noises, to which the streets added yet more confusion by encumbering them with echoes. His first incurious thought that the clangor arose from the town band, engaged in an attempt to round off a memorable day by a burst of evening harmony, was contradicted by certain peculiarities of reverberation. But inexplicability did not rouse him to more than a cursory heedfulness; his sense of degradation was too strong for the admission of foreign ideas; and he leaned against the parapet as before.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

When Farfrae descended out of the loft, breathless from his encounter with Henchard, he paused at the bottom to recover himself. He arrived at the yard with the intention of putting the horse into the gig himself (all the men having a holiday), and driving to a village on the Budmouth Road. Despite the fearful struggle, he decided still to persevere in his journey, so as to recover himself before going in-doors and meeting the eyes of Lucetta. He wished to consider his course in a case so serious.

When he was just on the point of driving off, Whittlebone arrived with a note, badly addressed, and bearing the word "immediate" upon the outside. On opening it he was surprised to see that it was unsigned. It contained a brief request that he would go to Weatherbury that evening about some business which he was conducting there. Farfrae knew nothing that could make it pressing; but as he was bent upon going out, he yielded to the anonymous request, particularly as he had a call to make at Mellstock which could be included in the same tour. Thereupon he told Whittlebone of his change of direction, in words which Henchard had overheard; and set out on his way. Farfrae had not directed his man to take the message in-doors, and Whittlebone had not been supposed to do so on his own responsibility.

Now the anonymous letter was the well-intentioned but clumsy contrivance of Longways and other of Farfrae's men to get him out of the way for the evening, in order that the satirical mummery should fall flat, if it were attempted. By giving open information they would have brought down upon their heads the vengeance of those among their comrades who enjoyed these boisterous old games, and therefore the plan of sending a letter recommended itself by its indirectness.

For poor Lucetta they took no protective measure, believing with the majority there was some truth in the scandal, which she would have to bear as she best might.

It was about eight o'clock, and Lucetta was sitting in the drawing-room alone. Night had set in for more than half an hour, but she had not had the candles lighted, for when Farfrae was away she preferred waiting for him by the firelight, and, if it were not too cold, keeping one of the window-sashes a little way open, that the sound of his wheels might reach her ears early. She was leaning back in her chair, in a more hopeful mood than she had enjoyed since her marriage. The day had been such a success; and the temporary uneasiness which Henchard's show of effrontery had wrought in her disappeared with the quiet disappearance of Henchard himself under her husband's reproof. The floating evidences of her void marriage with him had been destroyed, and she really seemed to have no cause for fear.

The reverie in which these and other subjects mingled was disturbed by a hubbub in the distance, that increased moment by moment. It did not greatly surprise her, the afternoon having been given up to recreation by a majority of the populace since the passage of the royal equipages. But her attention was at once riveted to the matter by the voice of a maid-servant next door, who spoke from an upper window across the street to some other maid even more elevated than she.

"Which way be they going now?" inquired the first, with interest.

"I can't be sure for a moment," said the second, "because of the malter's chimbley. Oh yes—I can see 'em. Well, I declare—I declare!"

"What, what?" from the first, more enthusiastically.

"They are coming up Corn Street after all! They sit back to back!"

"What—two of 'em—are there two figures?"

"Yes. Two images on a donkey, back to back, their elbows tied to one another's. She's facing the head, and he's facing the tail."

"Is it meant for anybody particular?"

"Well—it may be. The man has got on a blue coat and kerseymere leggings; he has black whiskers and a reddish face. 'Tis a stuffed figure, with a mask."

The din was increasing now—then it lessened a little.

"There—I sha'n't see, after all!" cried the disappointed first maid.

"They have gone into a back street—that's all," said the one who occupied the enviable position in the attic. "There—now I have got 'em all endways nicely."

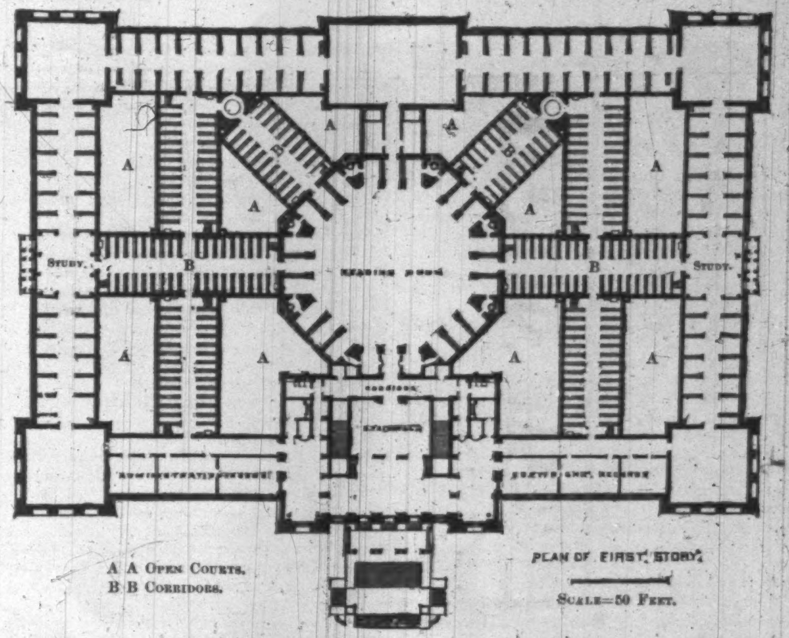
"What's the woman like? Just say, and I can tell in a moment if 'tis meant for one I've in mind."

"My—why—'tis dressed just as *she* was dressed when she sat in the front seat at the time the play-actors came to the Town-hall!"

Lucetta started to her feet, and almost at the instant the door of the room was quickly and softly opened. Elizabeth Jane advanced into the fire-light.

"I have come to see you," she said, breathlessly. "I did not stop to knock—forgive me. I see you have not shut your shutters, and the window is open."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A A Open Courts.
B B Corridors.

PLAN OF FIRST STORY.

Scale=50 Feet.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Few visitors to the Capitol at Washington fail to ask to be taken to the Library of Congress. Very few of the many thousands of mere sightseers who have entered the library during the last ten years, and not one of the large number of persons who have visited it as students or readers, have failed to notice that the section of the Capitol in which it is kept was entirely inadequate to hold the accumulation of books, newspapers, maps, and other valuable material. The utmost ingenuity on the part of the librarian in the employment of space was unequal at last to a task about as difficult as to make a pint pot hold a quart. Shelves became crowded, cases were top-loaded with volumes almost inaccessible for use, alcoves, passageways, halls, the very entrance itself, became obstructed by huge stacks of volumes, piled up in such disorder as to be useless except as collectors of dust. To everybody out of Congress this sight has been humiliating. After thirteen years of effort on the part of a few Senators and Representatives who took the first step toward securing a new library building, stimulated and encouraged always by Mr. Ainsworth R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, a bill authorizing the purchase of a site and the construction of a separate building was passed by the House of Representatives on April 5, having already passed the Senate. To Senator Morrill, of Vermont, and Representative Otto R. Singleton, of Mississippi, venerable men both, the passage of the bill was cause for great rejoicing, for in the respective Houses to which they belong they have been from the first the sturdy champions of the measure. In March, 1873, Congress offered $5000 for a plan for a new building, and constituted a commission, consisting of the late Senator Howe, of Wisconsin, Senator Morrill, of Vermont, and Librarian Spofford, to invite competition among architects both at home and abroad, to select a site, and to superintend the work that was confidently expected to be started soon after. European and American architects to the number of twenty-eight submitted plans, and after two years of delay the prize of $1500 for the best design was unanimously awarded to Mr. J. L. Smithmeyer, of Washington.

In 1875 Senator Howe proposed by bill to erect the building in Judiciary Square. In consequence of its distance from the Capitol that site proved unattractive, and a proposition made by the Joint Library Committee in June, 1876, to erect the library building in the Botanical Garden grounds was rejected for the reason that those grounds are almost literally floating gardens, but a few inches above the mean level of the Potomac, and affected by every extraordinary tide. In February, 1877, Senator Morrill brought forward the proposition to put the new library upon one of two squares of ground immediately east of the Capitol, and he has persistently adhered to his first opinion that the building should be built there, on high ground, about on the same level with the Capitol, and easily accessible to Congress. The bill was neglected in 1877, and in 1878, when brought forward again by Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, it met the same fate. Despairing of success in the attempt to obtain approval for a new building, Senator Howe in 1878 secured the passage of a bill calling for a commission to inquire into the possibility and expediency of enlarging the Capitol so as to furnish accommodation for the rapidly increasing library. Enlargement was pronounced impracticable, and a separate edifice recommended. Again Judiciary Square was suggested as a site, and $150,000 named in a bill as the amount to begin work with. The proposition came to naught. The next step accomplished was through the offices of Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, in 1880, when a joint committee of three Senators and three Representatives selected an expert commission, consisting of Edward Clark, architect of the Capitol, Alexander R. Esty, of Boston, and John L. Smithmeyer, of Washington, to examine and report. They reported that the needs of the library would best be met by the construction of a separate building, as it was inexpedient, if not impracticable, to extend the Capitol.

The necessary changes to accommodate the vast accumulations of the library would impair the architectural design of the Capitol, as well as its convenience for legislative purposes. A majority of the joint committee again turned toward Judiciary Square. Senator Morrill insisted upon the site east of the Capitol. The Senate agreed with him, and passed a bill naming the site he preferred. The House let the bill die without consideration. This record was substantially repeated in the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Congresses. The Senate has steadily favored the bill, not more than seven votes having ever been cast against it in that body. The House of Representatives in the Forty-ninth Congress adopted the bill by suspending the rules to pass it—a motion requiring a two-thirds vote. It got the two-thirds, and eleven votes to spare. The new building to be erected is to be 450 feet in length by 300 in depth, covering about 2.9 acres of ground. It is to be of stone, iron, and concrete, and thoroughly fire-proof. According to the calculations of Mr. Spofford and the architect, it will furnish abundant accommodation for nearly 4,000,000 books. There will also be places for pamphlets and newspapers. In a gallery 350 feet long by 35 feet wide will be shown works of art. Maps, charts, the Washingtoniana, the valuable Toner collection, now stored in the crypt, and halls for copyright records, and the interesting accumulations under the copyright laws, will all be provided for in convenient rooms and galleries. There will be ample space for additions, for the last report of Librarian Spofford shows that there were 565,134 books and 191,000 pamphlets in the library.

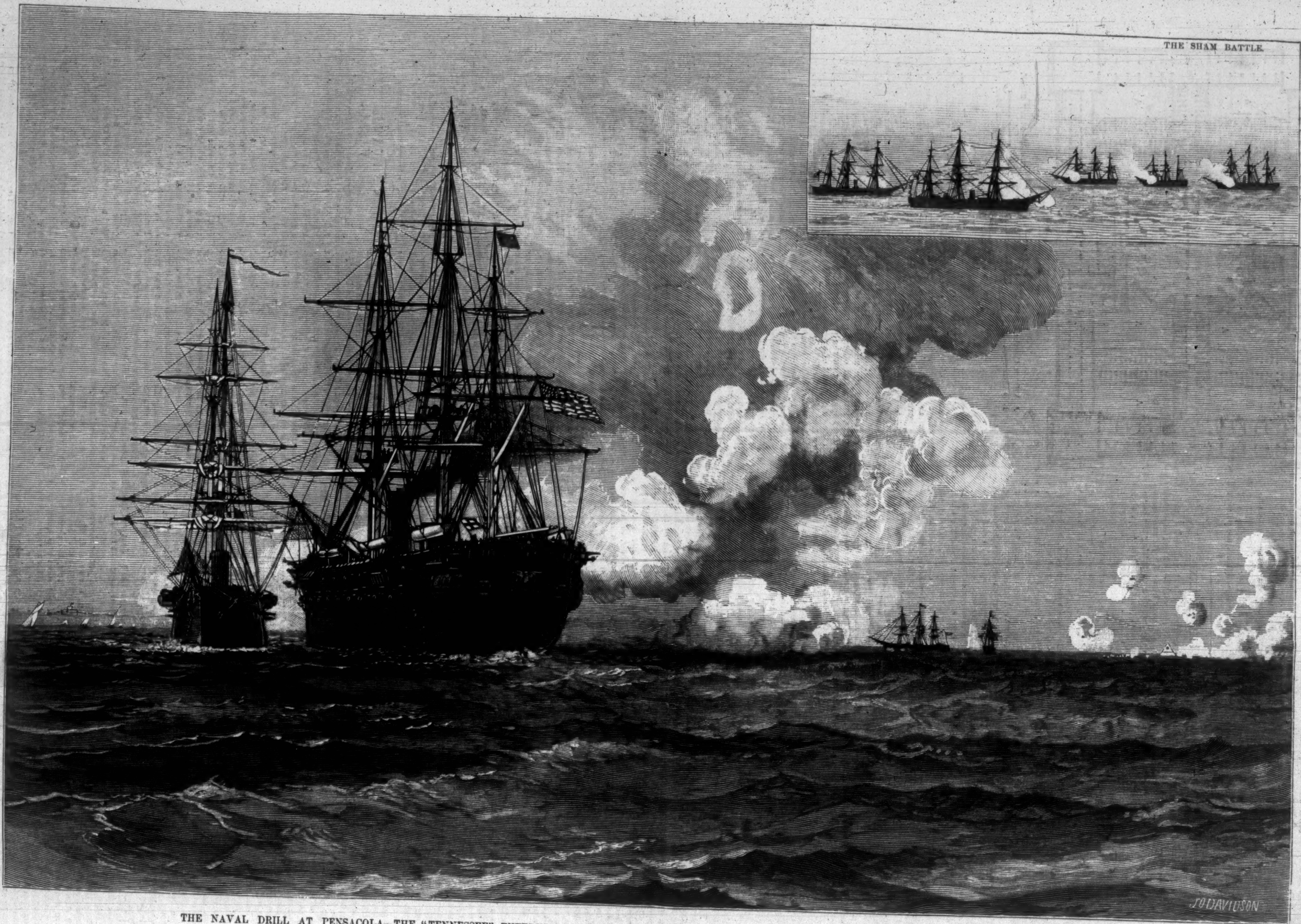
The bill just passed appropriates $500,000, and limits the cost of the site to $550,000. The entire cost of site and building is estimated at $2,323,000, of which $1,000,000 is to be asked for at the next session of Congress, and about $800,000 at the succeeding session, in 1887. The commission to select the site consists of the Secretary of the Interior, the Architect of the Capitol, and the Librarian of Congress. They have a choice to make between plots lying north and south of East Capitol Street, and will probably be governed in their selection by considerations of economy in price. Both plots are occupied in part by good buildings, which will be paid for and torn down. It is believed that the cost of the site will be much within the amount authorized to be expended in its purchase.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF VASSAR.

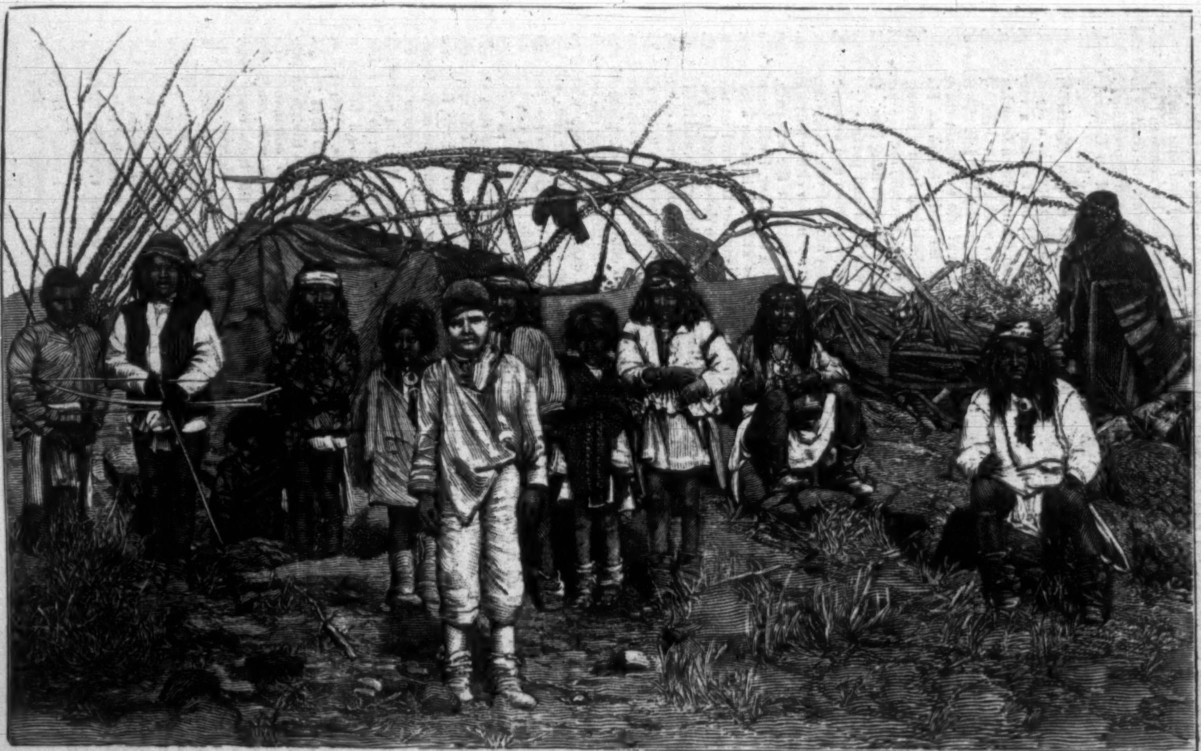
Rev. James Monroe Taylor, the President elect of Vassar College, was born in Brooklyn, August 9, 1848. He entered the Freshman Class at the University of Rochester in 1864, where he took the first prize in mathematics at the end of the first year, as also the second prize for his Senior oration at Commencement. From the college he went to the Rochester Theological Seminary, where three years later he was graduated.

In 1871 he went to Europe, and spent a year in travel and study of theology, art, and history. Upon his return from abroad he was called to the Baptist church at South Norwalk, Connecticut. While there he developed solid administrative qualities, which not only knit his church into a notably compact and efficient body, but planted seed which grew in the hands of a successor into one of the most beautiful little churches in Connecticut. A well-planned and useful Public Library has also been built by a society which grew up under his hand. Pronounced and outspoken in opinion on every subject, he yet became the most popular man, among all classes, that the town has ever known. After a pastorate of nine years he accepted a call to the Fourth Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, of which he is now pastor.

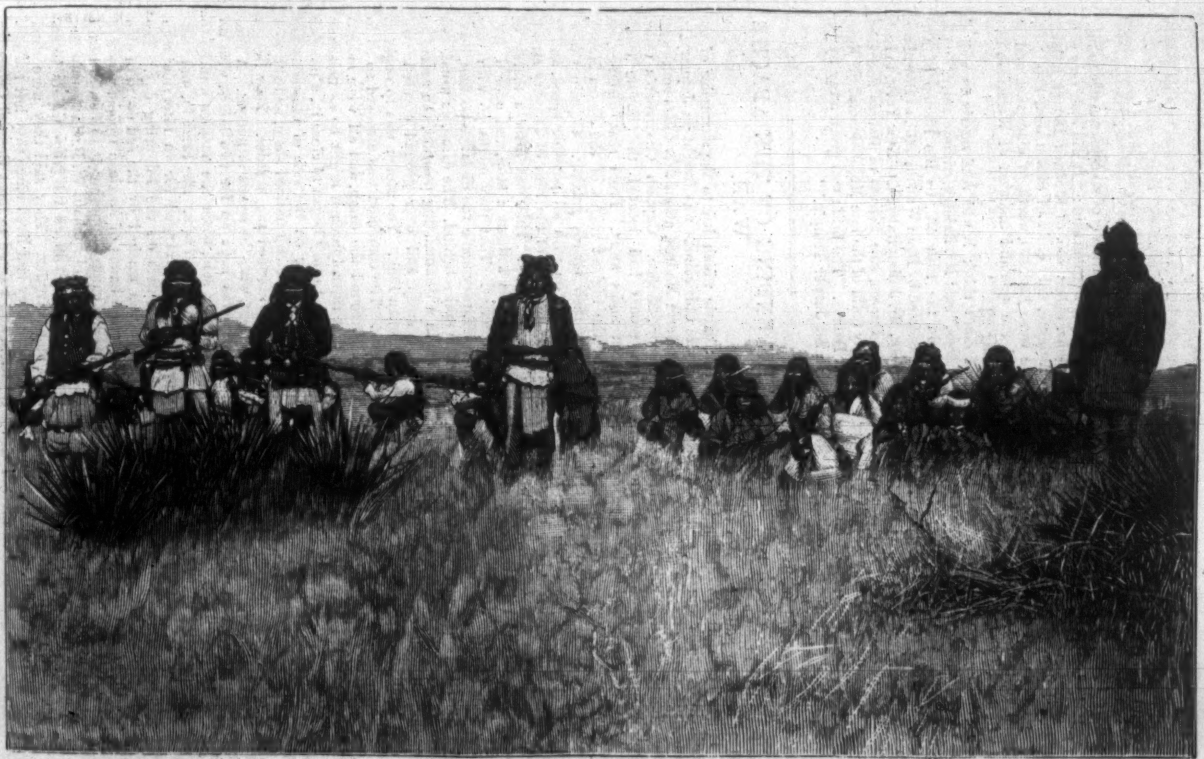
President Taylor is a son of the late Rev. Dr. E. E. L. Taylor, who for twenty-five years was one of the leading Baptist pastors of Brooklyn. His sister, Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell, of this city, is the President of the Vassar Alumnæ Association. The college is fortunate in having for its President's wife also a "Vassar girl," Mrs. Taylor having been a special student at the college in 1869–70.


THE SHAM BATTLE.
J.O. DAVIDSON

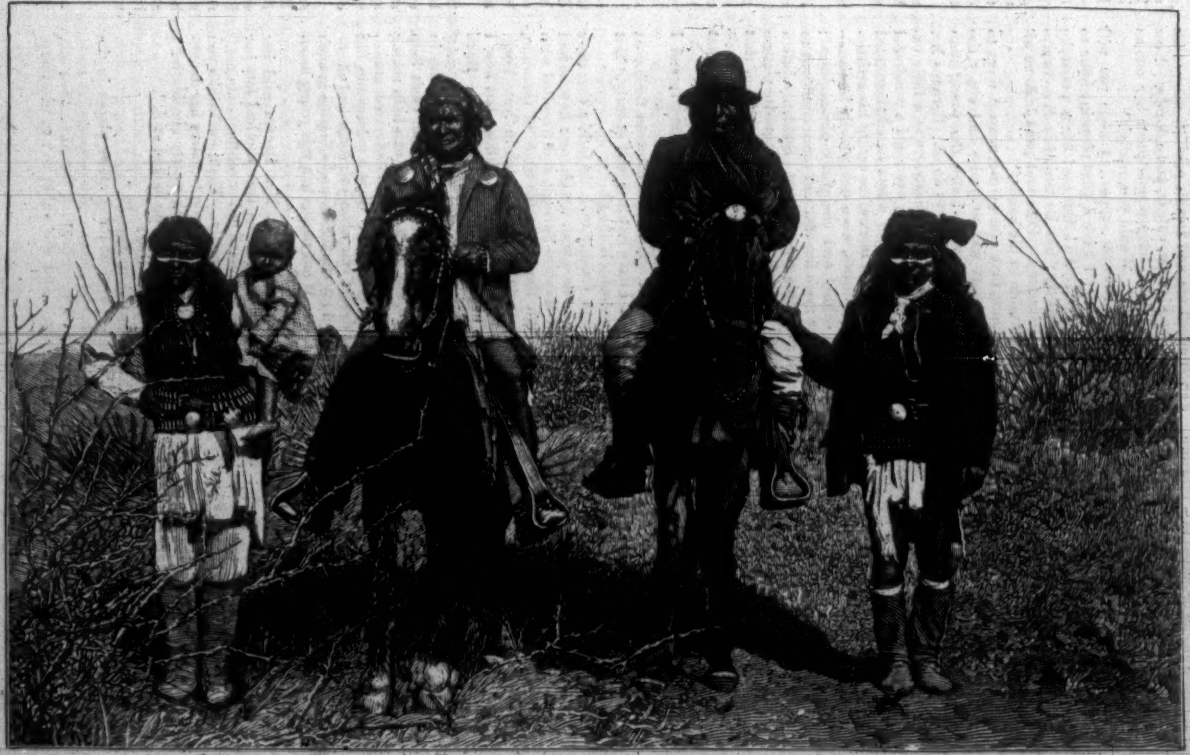
THE NAVAL DRILL AT PENSACOLA—THE "TENNESSEE" ENTERING THE FIRING ARC.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT SEABURY, U.S.N.—[SEE PAGE 267.]



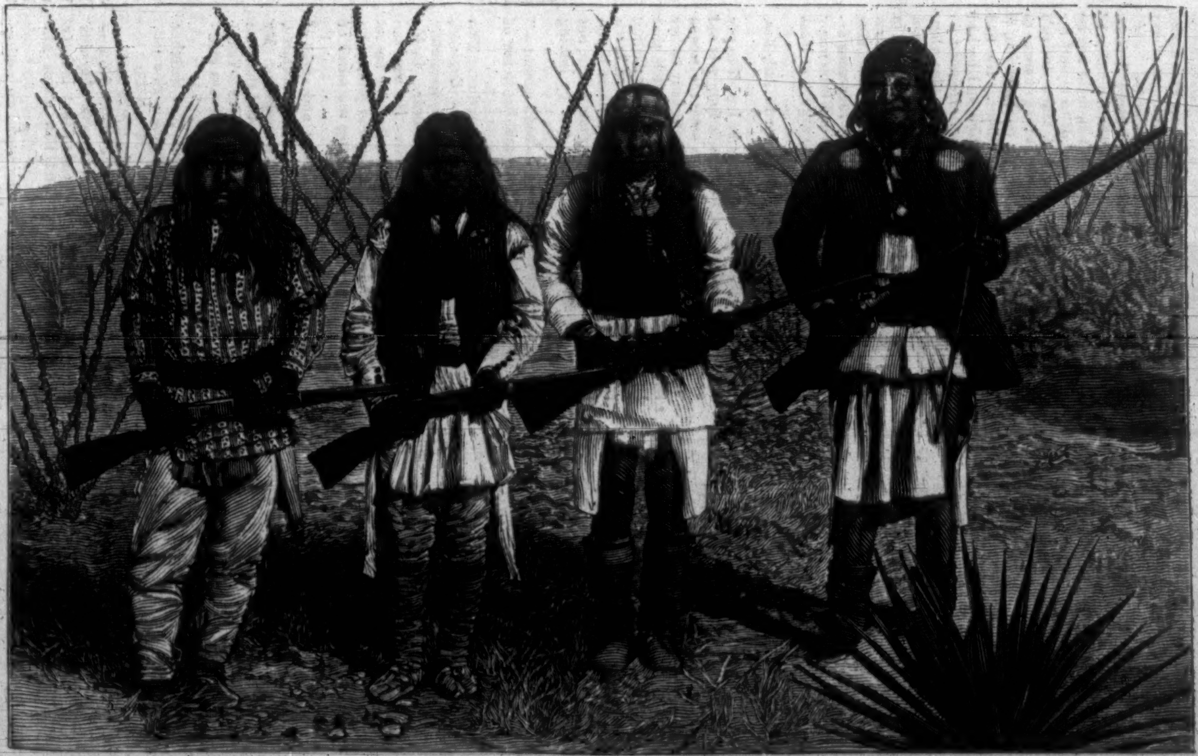
A CAPTIVE WHITE BOY IN AN APACHE CAMP.


Geronimo.
Natchez.

IN ORDER OF BATTLE.



GERONIMO AND NATCHEZ.



GERONIMO, HIS SON, AND TWO PICKED BRAVES.

THE HOSTILE APACHES.—Photographed by C. S. Fly, Tombstone, Arizona.—[See Page 266.]

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

"JULIAN, when are you going to marry?"

"When am I going to marry? Father, you should not ask point-blank questions of that kind. I feel as if I had had an electric shock."

The young man put his glass down with an exhausted air, and the elder one stood up and looked admiringly at him.

"Julian, you are a handsome fellow. Ah! very like what I was at your age—very?"

"Glad to hear it, sir; for, if so, I shall probably be very like you at fifty. Grant this, and why should I marry for twenty years yet? I don't believe there is a girl in our set that would refuse you, sir, just as you stand to-day."

The elder Raleigh turned to the mirror as he answered, "Perhaps not, Julian; but then I have an income of $30,000 a year—a trifle certainly, but still enough to make a handsome man interesting."

"And I have nothing."

"You have the fifty thousand your aunt Priscilla left you."

"My dear sir, that is three years since. You can't imagine I have much of that left."

"How much?"

"If I pay my debts, about $600."

"Then you *must* marry. I really can do nothing for you. Out of my small income I have two establishments to keep up, and—and my own little private expenses besides. Annette Jex is not bad, and she owns some of the finest-paying property in the city."

"Oh, then it is Annette, is it?"

"Old Jex managed the Raleigh estate in my father's time, and Annette's father knows all about our affairs. It is an old connection, and he would be very proud to make it closer. You would be taken into the business—that is, you would draw your regular salary—and Jex would give Annette the Waterside mansion as a marriage gift. In fact, he is so anxious for the match that you can make your own terms. Think of it, Julian."

"I'll think of it, father. I don't suppose it is any use. I don't see how I ever could bring myself to go through life with an ugly woman."

"But Annette has money enough to make her—well, interesting, at least. Think it over, Julian, I entreat you. Are you going to the opera?"

"Not to-night. I have another engagement."

"Then adieu! Try and familiarize your mind with the idea of Annette. She is a good creature, and I really see no other way to settle yourself."

Julian lit a cigar and sat down to think. Of Annette Jex? By no means. He had not the least intention of marrying Annette. "It would be wise," he muttered, "but for that reason I shall not do it. Who is wise at twenty-seven? It is too absurd of father to expect it. Besides, I love Sydney and Sydney loves me, and she quite expects that we are to marry. I could not break with her, unless—no, I could not do it under any circumstances. I think I will go and see her at once."

He flushed happily as he proposed this pleasure to himself, and then he studied his appearance in the long mirror. It was a handsome "study," rather improved than injured by the seal-skin wraps the cold weather rendered necessary. A very few blocks separated him from Sydney Dacres, but this self-indulgent young man never thought of walking them. There was nothing to be gained in facing the cold keen wind, and, besides, when he wanted to see Sydney, he wanted to see her very much, and was impatient of the least delay. He had no fear of finding her out; her mother was an invalid, and Sydney was a faithful companion.

Julian could see, before the carriage stopped, the bright light glowing through the crimson curtains, and as soon as he entered the room a bright face flashed a sort of glory on him—a face for which a man might well count Annette Jex's millions worthless.

"Oh! how exquisite you are, Sydney!" Julian cried, as he clasped her in his arms; "and your costume, darling, it is perfect."

"Yes," she answered, with a low laugh; "I think Solomon in all his glory would be rather astonished if he could see me. But hush! Mamma is asleep, and she must not be disturbed."

"No, darling, not for worlds!" and the lovers withdrew to a little sofa as far from mamma as possible, and carried on their conversation in whispers.

"I have something to tell you, Julian;" and a sudden pallor made Sydney's face still more tender and lovely. "We are going back to England next week."

"Sydney!"

"It is true, Julian. Mamma is no better, and never will be here; the Colorado journey only tired her. She says she wants to die among her own people, and in our dear old home;" and the sweet tearful eyes and white sad face lifted to Julian's gave him a feeling of intense pain. Yet this sorrowful hour was just the one thing needed to rivet forever the chain that had been slowly binding him for weeks, for though love nursed in sunshine is a fair flower, love washed in tears is imperishable.

Without a moment's hesitation he offered himself, and his debts, and his six hundred dollars, to Sydney Dacres. He did not say anything about the last two items; there was no hurry; his creditors were not troubling him, and he had a kind of sublime faith in the advent of money somehow or from somewhere. So he only at this hour named himself, but he urged that suit so eloquently and so eagerly that Sydney answered him by shyly putting both her hands in his.

She looked so bewitching in this surrender that Julian could hardly believe in his happiness, and for one half-hour he drank of the purest and yet the most intoxicating cup that life offers. Then Mrs. Dacres stirred and languidly opened her heavy eyes. Julian and Sydney were instantly at her side, and she divined in one glance the relation between them. She closed her eyes again, and slow large tears welled out from the heavy lids.

"You are glad, mamma?" whispered Sydney. "Say you are glad. You like Julian, mamma?"

"Yes, darling, I am glad; but it must not be while I live. Let me have you all to myself for a few weeks longer." She had taken Julian's hand, and he felt it impossible at that moment to oppose her wishes. After all, on reflection, it was necessary on his own account. He had asked a beautiful girl to marry him, and he had not money for a month's expenses. He must do something, though he had not the least idea what. He had not even a clear idea as to what amount of income would make him an eligible suitor in Mrs. Dacre's eyes. He knew that they had travelled in an easy and almost luxurious style, that Sydney dressed elegantly, and that they were accompanied by three servants, who had been many years in their family, all of which argued at least a comfortable income.

One night, just before they were to sail, Mrs. Dacres said:

"Julian, before Sydney comes in I wish to say a few words to you. I know your family is old and wealthy, and I suppose you have the means which entitle you to address a young lady of her position. But what I want to feel most is that you will be very gentle and loving to my darling when I am gone. Sydney does not care much for money, but she would break her heart if you forgot her. My income dies with me, Julian, but I have shown my confidence in you by leaving you all my savings."

"My dear madam, I cannot, indeed I cannot—"

"Hush! here is Sydney; say nothing to her of this conversation."

It was almost the last they had together. Two days afterward the Dacres sailed for England, and Julian felt himself to be more absolutely alone and wretched than he could bear. In his misery he thought of his father. He was the only creature that understood him, and he resolved to go and see him. He found him, as he expected, alone, and just arranging the *menu* of a delicate little supper.

"I got your note, my dear boy, and staid at home to see you. Make yourself comfortable, Julian; your mother is gone to a reception. My dear boy, how handsome you are! And that suit is perfect. Who made it? Melmont? Yes, I suppose Melmont made it; there is always character in his coats."

"Yes," said Julian, pulling his coat together in order to show the cut; "Melmont is an artist. I wonder you don't go to him."

"Ah! he does not understand a figure that begins to lean toward *embonpoint*, Julian. No one but Carrington does that. It is a work of genius to make a decent coat for a man that is forty inches round the waist. And how about Annette?"

"My dear father, let us understand each other at once on this subject. I have thought it over, as you asked me, and I can't possibly marry that woman. She is ugly, vulgar, and a dowdy. Now would you like to have people point her out as your daughter? Would you, really?"

"Well, here comes supper. I hope you will enjoy it, Julian; I gave a very pleasant hour to its arrangement. Ah! dear me! life is a mistake in many respects; but Le Grande's dinners are always satisfactory. Pots and pans become almost respectable in his hands."

Julian knew that one of the nearest ways to his father's heart was to praise and enjoy the good things he provided; and the young man was really not disinclined to do so. Perhaps Mr. Raleigh's estimate of Le Grande was a little extravagant, but he certainly exercised a wonderful influence over those for whom he condescended to prescribe. Both men, after eating his artistically prepared dishes, were delightfully human—the elder calmly and cheerfully philosophical; the younger more hopeful and more confident in himself and in his good fortune. Suddenly Julian took out of his pocket sachet an exquisite picture of Sydney, and said, "What do you think of that face, father?"

"I think it is perfect! lovely! exquisite! That is no fancy picture, Julian."

"No, thank God; it is a real woman; and I love her with all my life and soul."

"Pooh! pooh! That is a common feeling at twenty-seven; I have felt it myself at forty. But I am curious—who is she?"

Then Julian frankly told his father the story of his acquaintance with the Dacres; how he had met them at Manitou Springs, and travelled with them through the high table-lands of Colorado, and visited them at their hotel in New York. "Sydney and I are engaged, father; but how I am to keep her I have not the least idea. Have you?"

"Julian, I like you coming honestly to me in this way with your troubles. A man can't help falling in love, any more than he can help taking the small-pox, and you get into dangerous atmospheres before you know. It is a misfortune, but I shall not desert you when you come and throw yourself upon my confidence and affection in such a manly way. What means has this young beauty? Is she rich?"

"I should think not. Mrs. Dacres said her income died with her, and that she had left her savings to me as a mark of her confidence in me."

"Very touching, really. Then she thinks you have wealth, and expects you to marry her daughter as soon as it is reasonable after her death?"

"I think that is how she looked at it."

"Where do they live?"

"Near Downham, Norfolk."

"There are a great many queer places in the world, Julian, and one cannot be expected to know about them. I never heard of Downham, Norfolk, I assure you. And she wants you to live there, you say, in her old home. Then, of course, she owns the place?"

"I should suppose so."

"I should think you might have made yourself more certain about things of such vital importance."

"My dear father, I only thought of winning Sydney. Look at that face: you would have done just as I did."

"Perhaps I should. She is lovely, very lovely. I never had a daughter. It would be very easy to love that dear, beautiful creature. I'll tell you what I will do for you, Julian. I will see Quimby in the morning, and tell him that he must raise the rents sufficiently to bring in ten thousand dollars a year more. He can put two thousand on the hotel property very well, and the rest on the stores near the slip. I will give you every cent of the rise. If she has a nice old house, ten thousand dollars a year will go a long way in those old English places, and I shall be proud to entertain such a charming daughter whenever you are a little tight."

After this happy thought, both men were supremely satisfied. Mr. Raleigh felt as magnificent as if he had given away an estate; Julian, as content as if he had received a tangible fortune. It was a comfortable settlement, and they were both in the most amiable and confidential of humors.

In the course of another month Quimby had arranged the rents in a most satisfactory manner. Julian was eleven thousand dollars a year richer, and a few other people were a little poorer; but, as Quimby said, "it was time the estate took a step upward, and it was a great wrong to all the property owners in the city to keep rents down," and certainly Julian felt opposed to wronging all the property-owners in the city, many of whom were his personal friends.

When summer came, he determined to go and see Sydney; but when he was nearly ready to start, Mrs. Dacres died. Julian was informed that she had left him £8000 in the English funds, and with this information came a letter from Sydney saying that she was going with her uncle and aunt to Pau, and would not return until December, when she would be twenty-one, and her own mistress. Then, if Julian *liked*, he was to meet her in England, and their marriage could be celebrated during the holidays.

The £8000 was rather an annoyance. Mr. Raleigh, who had usually liberal ideas about money, was clearly of opinion that Julian ought not to touch a penny of it unless Sydney and he married. "It is aggravating, my dear boy, when you think of £8000 worth of pleasure locked up, but there are some things a gentleman should not do, even for £8000."

Sydney's birthday was on the 19th of December, and Julian left early enough to arrive at Downham on the evening of the 18th. It had been a lovely winter day, and his ride from Lynn to Downham had been charming. He could easily imagine how perfect this flat, rich country must be when the pretty cottages would be covered with purple grapes, and the hedge-rows and beeches garlanded with wild hops. When the train entered the little depot at Downham, the first object he saw was Sydney leaning upon the arm of just such a figure as the world accepts for the typical Englishman—a stout, bluff, middle-aged man in drab broadcloth, with a short riding-whip in his hand. He smiled benignly at Sydney's meeting with her lover, and gave Julian his hand in a very gracious manner. It was rather an embarrassing meeting, but he treated it in the most matter-of-fact way. "Come, Sydney," he said, "the horses don't like waiting, and I dare say Mr. Raleigh is both hungry and tired."

As they passed through the little town, Julian noticed that the people were hanging wreaths of holly and mistletoe, and spanning the narrow streets with arches of evergreens.

"They are getting ready for Christmas early, are they not, Sydney?" he asked.

"Oh," she answered, laughing low, "those are in my honor, Julian. All the village keeps my birthday with me to-morrow."

At length they reached a stately old lodge, and great iron gates flew back and admitted them into a grand park shaded with oaks and beeches centuries old. After this entrance Julian was noways surprised to see Dacre Hall—a noble specimen of Tudor architecture, covered with ivy and lichens, and surrounded by a wilderness of rare shrubberies and old gardens.

Very few words had been spoken during the short drive, but when Julian stood in the splendid reception hall, Sydney said: "Look around, dear Julian. Here the Dacres have dwelt for six hundred years, and here, with their pictured faces round me, and my dear uncle Sir Jasper Temple by my side, I take you with all my heart to be my husband and my guide."

Julian never knew what answer he made, and Sir Jasper could never tell his lady what he said, but it was in both cases something that made every one blissfully happy. And then the servants threw open suites of brilliantly lighted rooms, and stately ladies came forward to welcome the stranger, and Julian felt as if he was an enchanted prince in an enchanted palace.

Two weeks after this event Mr. Raleigh senior sat eating his breakfast in a very queer temper. He had been expressing his opinions to Mrs. Raleigh on the manner in which the New-Year's entertainments had been managed, and that lady had not received them kindly. He had scarcely recovered his usual placidity when his son Jerome entered. His sleek hair, freckled face, and humpbacked nose roused a feeling of antagonism at once; and yet there was in the father's face a look of triumph that was strangely at variance with his ill temper.

"Where is my mother, sir?" said Jerome.

"In Sulkydom, I suppose. I have been giving her my ideas about asking so many of her relations, and such people as the Jexes, among ladies and gentlemen. She has deprived me of her company in consequence."

Jerome helped himself to some broiled kidney, and, after five minutes' angry silence, said, "I think it right to tell you, sir, that I shall marry Miss Jex next month."

"The information is of no consequence to me."

Presently Jerome said: "It will look very well: 'Jerome, eldest son of Richard Darrel Raleigh, to Annette, only child of Simon Jex, Esq. The bride wore $60,000 worth of diamonds, and received the splendid mansion of Waterside as a wedding gift.'"

"I don't think it will read nearly as well as this does," said Mr. Raleigh, triumphantly. "Listen: 'On the 19th ult., by the Bishop of Norwich, assisted by Dean Walsingham, at Downham, Norfolk, Mr. Julian Raleigh, of New York, to Lady Sydney Dacres, sole heiress of Dacres and Diss, and only child of the late Major-General Sir Egremont Dacres. The bride was given away by her uncle, Sir Jasper Temple.'"

THE ENDING OF THE APACHE WAR.

THE battle which led to the surrender of the renegade Chiricahuas was fought on January 10 in the Sierra Madres, about fifty miles southwest of Nocori, Mexico. Captain CRAWFORD's Chiricahua scouts had located the hostile camp eighteen miles away. From that distance, on one of the highest ridges of the Sierra Madre, they saw their burros grazing. Captain CRAWFORD pushed on with all possible speed, and in the early morning of the 10th of January struck the hostile camp. This was after a march of eighteen hours without a stop, and over a very rough country. That they might go with very little noise, they made the distance on foot, leaving their mules behind. The camp, as usual, was pitched in a commanding position, the ascent to it being steep and over ground covered with loose, broken rock. The attack was to begin at daybreak. The command was disposed so as to nearly surround the camp, and all were moccasined, that their approach might be as noiseless as possible. As they began to close in, a number of burros grazing on the side of the mountain just outside the camp noticed them, and set up a bray. This alarmed the hostiles. They beat a hasty retreat, with the scouts in pursuit. A running fight was kept up for two hours, with no loss on either side, when the hostiles wanted to send in a woman to talk. She came in, and Captain CRAWFORD arranged for an interview with the hostile chiefs on the following day. The next day was marked by the sad death of this officer at the hands of Mexican troops, who had attacked his camp supposing it to be the camp of the hostiles. Lieutenant W. P. MAUS, thus put in command, met in an interview Chiefs GERONIMO and NATCHEZ. They said they were tired of the life they had lived since they left the reservation, and wanted to meet General CROOK for a talk. They gave him nine hostages, including Chief NANA (an old man) and one buck. Lieutenant MAUS then moved his command up to San Bernardino, Mexico, to await the coming in of the hostiles. As the March moon approached its full, Lieutenant MAUS sent word to General CROOK that the hostiles were coming in.

The General arrived at San Bernardino, and found the renegades encamped in a strong position, where a few could hold at bay a very large number. GERONIMO, coming down from his camp, asked permission to speak with him. In this talk he told the General he had left the reservation because he was afraid to remain there. Before the outbreak he had tried to do his duty, but from the first there had been a strong prejudice against him, which he could not live down, and he was told they were going to hang him. General CROOK's answer was brief and pertinent: "Why have you killed innocent men and women? I do not wish to hear any more of your talk, GERONIMO. It all lies with you; you can either surrender unconditionally or go back on the war-path. But remember, if you do the latter, I will pursue you till the last one is killed, if it takes fifty years. Now go away and consider this, and let me know to-morrow what you are determined to do." All the hostiles returned to their camp, and held a pow-wow. The General had brought two chiefs with him; these he sent into the camp to get them to quiet the fears of the hostiles, and to induce them to surrender. No conference took place on the second day, but on the third morning the warriors came down from camp and said they wished to give themselves up to him. CHIHUAHUA was the first to speak: "I am very glad to see you and have this talk with you. It is as you say; we shall always be in danger as long as we remain out here, but I hope from this on that we will live better with our families, and not do any harm to any one. I am anxious to behave, for I see the sun looking down on me and the earth listening, and I am thinking better. It seems to me I have seen the one who makes the rain and sends the winds. He must have sent you to this place. I surrender simply to you because I believe in you, and you have never lied to us. You do not deceive us. I am satisfied with all that you do. You must be the one that makes the green pasture, who sends the rain, who commands the winds. You must be the one who sends the fresh fruit that comes on the trees every year. You do not lie; you do not deceive. All you tell us are facts. I am now in your hands. I am going to stay with you in your camp. Whenever a man raises anything, even a dog, he tries to raise it right and treat it well. So I want you to feel toward me. Don't let people say bad things about me. Now I surrender to you and go with you. When we are travelling together on the road or anywhere else, I hope you will talk to me once in a while. I would like you to send my family with me wherever you send me.

I have a daughter at Camp Apache, and some relatives of myself and band at San Carlos. Wherever you want to send me, I wish you would send them."

Natchez was the next: "What **Chihuahua** said, I say. I surrender to you just the same as he did. I give you my word; I give you my body. I surrender. I have nothing more to say than that. When I was free I gave orders, but now I surrender to you I throw myself at your feet. You order, and I obey. What you tell me to do, I do."

Then **Geronimo**: "Two or three words are enough. I have but little to say. I surrender myself to you" [shakes hands with General **Crook**]. "We are comrades, all one family, all one band. What the others say, I say also. Now I give myself up to you. Once I moved about like the wind, but now I surrender to you, and that is all. I surrender to you, and want to be just as if I was in your pocket. Now I feel like your brother. I was very far from here, almost nobody could get to that place, but I sent you word I wanted to come in, and here I am. Whatever you tell us is true. We are all satisfied with that; and I hope the day will come when my word will be as strong with you as yours is with me."

The hostiles were left in charge of Lieutenant **Maus** and his scouts, who were to bring them to this post. They were camping for the second night on their move back. In the morning the command was astounded to hear that during the night **Geronimo** and **Natchez** and twenty bucks and a few squaws had effected their escape. A ranchman at the camp is said to have furnished them with liquor, and while they were drunk to have wrought their fears up to a high pitch by describing the punishment that would be meted out to them.

Lieutenant **Maus** sent the rest on, and started immediately on a pursuit, which, rations giving out, he was forced to abandon.

When the hostiles arrived here they were put with about thirty other prisoners, who had been taken in previous fights. They were all delighted to be together again, and scouts and hostiles mingled together and gave expression to their joy in merry dances, which they kept up for three successive nights. Their only music was their own voices, and the beating of a drum made by stretching a cloth tightly across the top of an iron kettle.

Among the prisoners was a white boy who was stolen by them last summer. His home is Deming, New Mexico. He had been with them so long that he did not want to leave them.

At the time of the surrender the hostiles were well supplied with ammunition, new Winchester rifles, and Mexican blankets.

Fort Bowie, Arizona, *April 8.*

THE NAVAL DRILL.

A **peculiar** interest attaches to this year's drills at Key West and Pensacola, from the fact that they are probably the last in which our North Atlantic Squadron will exhibit a complete lack of modern war ships and genuine torpedo-boats. Before another April drill comes around, the *Atlanta*, *Boston*, and *Dolphin* will be in commission, and possibly the *Chicago*. These, whatever their shortcomings, will at least be steel vessels of modern design, and one or two of them will probably be on the North Atlantic station, thus forming a contrast with the present wooden fleet. By that time we may also have some torpedo craft to operate with.

The assembling of the available vessels, under Rear-Admiral J. E. **Jouett**, took place in March at Key West; and after a protracted series of practice manœuvres had there been performed, the squadron put to sea, and on arriving off Pensacola bar took part in manœuvres until about the 5th of April, when the vessels entered the harbor and performed the remainder of the programme ordered by Secretary **Whitney**. The total drill period covers six weeks, and is to be followed by a six weeks' cruise as a squadron to the Windward Islands.

The drills have included steam tactics; torpedo exercise with ships and launches; target practice with the great guns, machine-guns, and small-arms; stripping the vessels for combat in enclosed waters under steam; landing and encamping the naval brigade for five days.

Each line officer of every ship has had an opportunity to handle the vessel with which he is connected, under steam, about buoys representing danger spots, anchored vessels, or wharves, as the case might require. Each set of evolutions in steam tactics covered twenty-four hours, including a day and a night. At other times there was morning and afternoon exercise five consecutive days of each week, beginning Monday, the other two being days of rest.

The torpedo practice took place while under way, the targets being floating objects, and a moored spar representing the side of the vessel to be attacked. Torpedoes were extemporized by the line officers who took part, but they were not extensive affairs. There was also boat torpedo practice, and a night attack on the squadron was made by boats carrying spar-torpedoes, containing a fuse only.

The great-gun practice took place at full speed, a portion of it in a sea-way, the targets being floating objects whose distances had to be calculated as in actual combat. The naval brigade landed as if in an enemy's country, with two days' rations, and with no additional supplies until the third day. The greater part of the brigade demonstrated by night and by day against a position defended by the remainder, and umpires were appointed to determine whether the attack or defence was the more successful. Records were made of the amount of ammunition expended and the number of hits made.

At Key West there were some exercises not down on the official programme, such as a contest between the port and starboard watch of the *Tennessee* in stowing coal. This seems something like the fun involved in the discreet father's home-made Olympian games for his two boys—to see which could saw the more wood in an afternoon; but the result was extraordinary, 320 tons being put aboard in a day of less than twelve hours. A tug-of-war match was also decided between the two watches, and various other amusements interpolated. In the firings the defects of the ammunition, some of which was from seven to seventeen years old, were disclosed, two out of ten shrapnels exploding on one occasion, while two shells burst at the muzzle. In one day there were twenty-three misses out of forty-three fires; the next, eighteen failures out of a possible forty.

Both at Key West and Pensacola there was plenty of opportunity for sail and spar evolutions, and for firing at targets under way with great guns, Gatlings, howitzers, and 3-inch rifles. The evolutions were performed on signals from the flag-ship, and when "Go to general quarters with powder" was given at midnight, or a signal of vessels on fire, the rivalry to discharge the first gun, or to first rig and man the pumps and lead out the hose, caused rapid work, often in airy attire. The *Galena*, according to unofficial reports, took the honors for evolutions performed at sea, and the *Swatara* was also complimented in the same exercises from the flag-ship. The *Brooklyn* made the best record in the squadron firing of April 6, with great guns and torpedoes, outside of Santa Rosa Island; the *Tennessee* in the marksmanship of April 8. On this latter day there was a mock combat, preceded by stripping the ships for action. On the night of April 13 a night attack of a flotilla of torpedo-boats, starting from the *Yantic*, was made against the flag-ship *Tennessee*. The following day the naval brigade, eight hundred strong, landed, beginning the gala period at Pensacola; and during the remainder of the week the brigade's elaborate programme of exercises was carried out.

THE ACCUSED ALDERMEN.

The New York Aldermen of 1884 implicated in charges of bribery in connection with the granting of the franchise of the Broadway Surface Railroad include all the members of the Board except **John C. O'Connor** and **Hugh J. Grant**. Of the twenty-two two are dead—**Michael F. McLaughlin** and **Patrick Kenney**. Three have fled the city—**Thomas Rothman**, who is said to be in Germany, **Robert E. De Lacy**, and **Charles Dempsey**. **Charles B. Waite** has virtually surrendered himself, and is held in custody as a witness for the State. The remaining sixteen have been placed under arrest, and held to bail in $25,000 each to answer the charge of accepting bribes, for which they are under indictment. Portraits and sketches have already been given in the **Weekly** of the following: **Henry W. Jaehne**, **James Pearson**, **Charles B. Waite**, **William P. Kirk**, **Robert E. De Lacy**, and **Ludolph A. Fullgraff**. We present in this number twelve others.

Thomas Cleary is a native of Tipperary County, Ireland, and is forty-seven years of age. He came to this country at the age of sixteen. He was a member of the old Volunteer Fire Department, and on the breaking out of the war enlisted and served three years in the ranks. On his return he took an active interest in politics, and obtained the favor of prominent Democratic leaders in the down-town district. For some years his occupation has been that of janitor of the large building of the Equitable Life-assurance Association. He was first elected to the Board of Aldermen in the fall of 1883, and has been twice reëlected, being a member of the Railroad Committee of the present Board.

Thomas Sheils is a native of Ireland, and about forty years of age. He came to this country when a boy, and has always lived on the east side, in the neighborhood of East Broadway, where he now owns two liquor saloons and some other real estate, being reputed to be worth $150,000 or more. He has long taken an active part in local politics, and was something of a favorite with the late **William M. Tweed**. In recent years he has held aloof from the regular Democratic organizations, and headed a political association of his own. He was elected to the Board of Aldermen of 1884 as an Independent Jeffersonian. He was not reëlected.

Patrick Farley, though of Irish parentage, was born in the Sixth Ward of New York in 1848, and received a common-school education. When he came to manhood he went into politics and the retail liquor business in his native ward, and rapidly advanced in wealth and local influence. He was formerly connected with the Tammany organization, but of late has acted with the County Democracy. He still has a thriving liquor saloon in the Bowery near Grand Street, and lives with his family in Pitt Street.

Frederick Finck is a native of Germany, and fifty-two years of age. He was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in his native village in the Duchy of Baden, and on coming to this country in his youth worked at his trade. He afterward added to it that of a carpenter and builder, and has acquired a solid competence in his business. He is married, and has ten children. He has been credited with some influence among the Germans of the east side, and has been a member of the Board of Aldermen as a Republican for several years.

Arthur Joseph McQuade was born in the county of Monaghan, Ireland, about forty years ago. He came to New York when a boy, and engaged in the collection and selling of rags, paper, and bottles on a modest scale. By his shrewdness and industry he built up a thriving business as a junk dealer, in which he is still engaged. He went into politics early, and was an active worker in the Tammany Hall interest. He left that organization for the County Democracy, and received the nomination for Alderman in 1883. He was reëlected in 1884, but was succeeded by his brother **Bernard** in the present Board. He is said to be interested with his brother in the liquor business.

Louis Wendel is a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and forty-one years of age. He came to this country in his youth, and found employment in a beer saloon. He soon became a proprietor, and extended his interests, until now he is the owner of four places, including the popular German resort known as Elm Park. He is a prominent member of the German Schuetzenverein, and Captain of the First Separate Company. Although he has been a candidate for Alderman several times, his only actual service was in the Board of 1884.

Francis McCabe was born in the State of New York in 1826. In his infancy he lost his father, and on reaching the age of twenty-one came into possession of considerable property. He was engaged at different times in several occupations—mining, manufacturing, and real estate. At one time he kept a hotel, and he made considerable money as a contractor, but of late he has lived in retirement from business in Lexington Avenue. He was an active worker for Tammany Hall for many years, and as such was elected to the Board of Aldermen of 1884. He was not reëlected.

Henry L. Sayles is a native American, under forty years of age, and has lived in the city of New York from childhood. He has been for some years engaged in the meat business with his brother **Solomon** in Sixth Avenue, and is reputed to be wealthy. He served in the army during the civil war, and is said to have been wounded at Chancellorsville. He has been active in politics as a Republican, but was defeated at the last election as a candidate for Alderman, largely on his record of 1884.

Michael Duffy was born in New York of Irish parents, and learned the trades of bricklayer and stone-mason, and finally became a contractor and builder. Some years ago he established himself in Harlem, where he speculated in real estate, and continued in the building business. He has a brother who is a Police Justice, and he was elected to the Board of Aldermen of 1884 as a Tammany candidate. Although a very extensive builder, he has of late been unsuccessful in his business ventures.

William H. Miller was born in the city of New York, July 14, 1839, and was educated in the public schools. On coming of age he formed a partnership with his brother in the boot and shoe business, which still continues. Their store has been in Bleecker Street for more than twenty years. During the war Mr. **Miller** held the position of Quartermaster in the Provost Marshal's office for three years. He never was active in politics, but received the nomination for Alderman from the Republicans in 1883, and served one term.

Charles H. Reilly, whose father's name is **O'Reilly**, was born in Ulster County, New York, and is thirty-seven years of age. He came to New York city with the family when a child, and learned the trade of mechanical engineer, at which he worked for some years. He was at one time Chief Engineer of the New York Fire Department, and subsequently Clerk of the Civil District Court of the Seventh District. He left that position to become an Alderman in 1884, having been elected as a candidate of the County Democracy. He was reëlected to the Board of 1885, and as chairman of the Finance Committee was a member of the Sinking Fund Commission. He was defeated as a candidate last fall.

Charles Dempsey was born in the city of New York, of Irish parents, about thirty-two years ago. His father was poor, and at the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the trade of house-painting, which he followed steadily about twelve years. He was a worker in the Tammany organization, but without prominence until he was made a candidate for Alderman in 1883. After his one year's service he ran for reëlection two successive years, but was defeated. As soon as the developments in regard to bribery in 1884 were made, Mr. **Dempsey** left the city. He was in Florida just before the arrest of **Miller** at Palatka, and is believed to have fled to Cuba.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

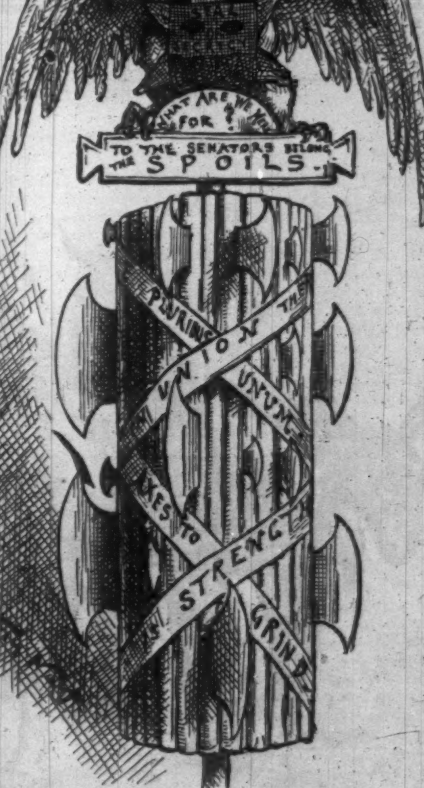
A **German** explorer in New Guinea stopped under a large tree, according to a letter written by one who accompanied him, to consult his compass, when, to his annoyance and surprise, the compass acted as if drunk, the needle staggering hither and thither in a most unaccountable way. Presently one of the explorer's attendants "struck with a *machete* one of a number of peculiar buttresses which ran up the outside of the tree, splitting off a large slice and severing a peculiar-looking black core which formed the centre. The explorer placed his hands on the two ends of the core to look at it more closely, and instantly gave a yell, and rolled head over heels, getting up without his spectacles, and stammering that he had a severe electric shock (say 150 volts)." "The expedition did not possess a galvanometer," says the London *Globe*, "but an apology for one was made with a helix of copper wire and the compass, and the result went to show that a strong current was passing through every portion of the tree. A forest of these trees was seen, the locality being nearly bare of other vegetation."

In the account of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's new steam-yacht the *Alva*, published in **Harper's Weekly** for April 10, it was erroneously said that her engines were to be imported from England. In fact, the engines, which contain many novelties of detail, are, as well as the hull, in course of construction by the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company at Wilmington, Delaware.

There is a form of hysteria among men in a certain part of China, according to a late medical report, in which the sufferer believes that some unpleasant animal, generally a rat, is domiciled in his stomach. Its fancied movements are accompanied by violent local pains, and in many cases death occurs from suffocation in the course of a nervous paroxysm. "Unheard-of efforts are made to expel the intruder," says the report, "and often the savings of a whole family for a lifetime are wasted on bonzes, sorcerers, and other quacks, in the hope of obtaining relief for the sufferer. The patient leads a double life, marked by the use of two voices of different *timbre*. As a rule, his disposition alters in correspondence with the change of voice. Morally and mentally he is a different being in the two states. Whatever occurs in the period betokened by the unnatural voice is totally forgotten during the normal period."

It is announced from Minneapolis that a hotel is to be built in that town which is to have the dining-room in the tenth story, the kitchen in the eleventh, and the laundry and servants' quarters in the twelfth. There is such abundance of room in Minnesota that it is surprising that anybody there should want to run a building up to such a height. If the scheme is not the result of jealousy concerning some shot-tower in St. Paul, one can only think that the owner contemplates turning the structure into a grain elevator in case it is not successful as a hotel.

A man who was hanged in New Mexico, but was cut down just in the nick of time, has undertaken to describe his sensations in detail. Contrary to the general tradition, which says that the sensations of a person in the predicament in question are rather pleasant than otherwise, the New Mexico man declares that all of his sensations were exceedingly painful. From the moment when the hanging was actually begun until the moment when he lost consciousness was such a brief interval that he did not receive many impressions; he was in a condition of nightmare, and was aware principally of a great pain. After being brought to, however, he suffered painful impressions and physical pain which endured for a long time. First, there was an overpowering ringing in his ears, as though a hundred gongs were being beaten close round about him, and there was a great pain in his back, accompanied by occasional lapses into unconsciousness during several days. Afterward for a long time he saw double; the physician who attended him seemed two persons. He had periods of total forgetfulness, and at times could not remember who he himself was.



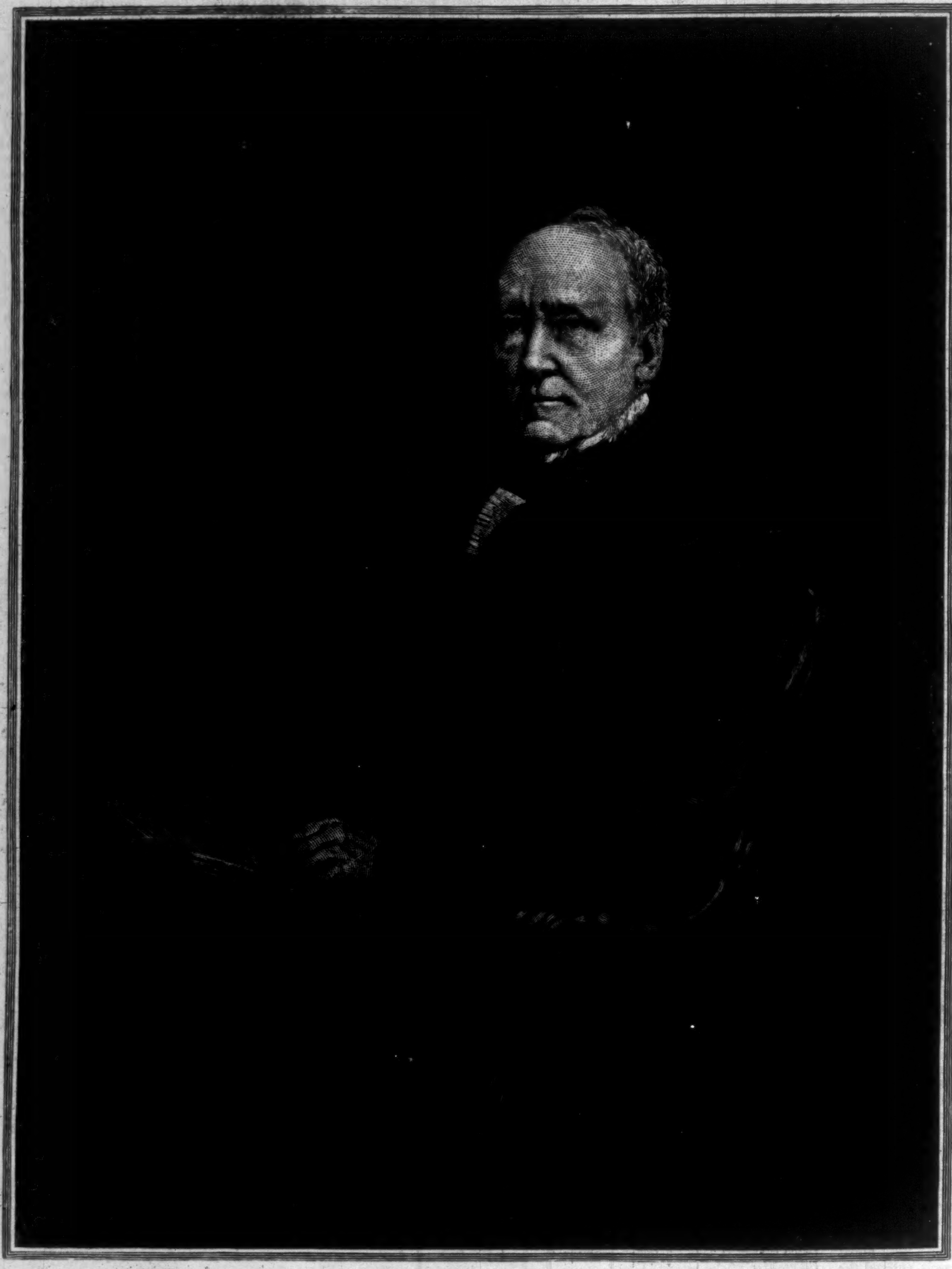
FASCES OF THE STAR CHAMBER
Which are used in the Senate's Secret Sessions.

SAMPSON LOW.

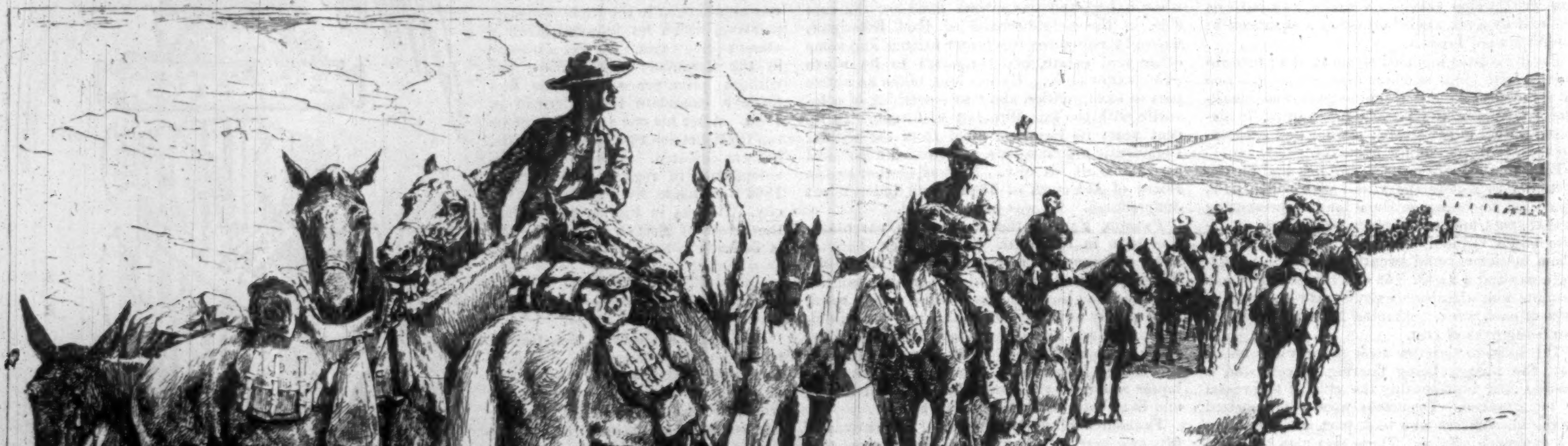
Mr. Sampson Low was born November 18, 1797, and was the only son of a publisher of the same name, who died in the year 1800, when his son was only three years old. Sampson Low the elder was a man of great activity and energy, and had established a publishing business probably not long after the days of American Independence, certainly before the French Revolution; but his promising career was cut short by death when he was still young. His business was carried on in Berwick Street, Soho, where he published many important standard works, chiefly of a theological and religious character. He was also the publisher of the novels of the once celebrated writer Mrs. Charlotte Smith, who flourished and faded before the days of "Waverley" and Sir Walter Scott, and whose biography was subsequently written by the great Wizard himself. On his death the business was closed, there being no representative of the family to carry it on. Young Low, after his school-days, was apprenticed to Lionel Booth, of Great Portland Street, one of the chief librarians of the days prior to the battle of Waterloo. Afterward he was for some years with Messrs. Longman & Co., until in the year 1819 he established himself in business in Lamb's Conduit Street. In those days Lamb's Conduit Street was the centre of a young and thriving neighborhood, and Mr. Low started a circulating library, which was soon recognized as one of the best in London, and at the back of it he built a cosy reading-room, which being well supplied with all the newspapers and periodicals, was frequented by many men of note at that time, or who have since attained eminence at the bar or in the senate. Amongst them may be mentioned T. B. Macaulay, Benjamin Disraeli, Sir Richard Bethell (afterward Lord Chancellor), Robert Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke), Sir F. Thesiger (Lord Chelmsford), the late Mr. Justice Byles, and many others who have since become eminent and departed. Mr. Low married in 1820. In 1836 he was appointed by a committee of the leading London publishers to establish and conduct the *Publishers' Circular*, which subsequently became his own property, and with which he was associated as owner and editor until the year 1883—a period of about forty-six years, during which period he compiled the annual catalogues of all the books published in the United Kingdom, out of which grew the larger volume of the *English Catalogue*, in connection with which his name will be long remembered. He labored most industriously and conscientiously at this work, and during the long period of his work it may be moderately estimated that by way of alphabets, indexes, and cross references, not less than a million of titles must have been written out and arranged by his own hand.

It was in Lamb's Conduit Street that Mr. Low first made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Fletcher Harper, about the year 1846, and was appointed English literary agent for the Messrs. Harper, and from that period until now it is not too much to say that the interests of Messrs. Harper & Brothers in England have been absolutely identified with his own. The annual visits of one or other of the brothers Harper with their families were always to him occasions of the greatest pleasure. He always worked for them with a degree of earnestness, single-mindedness, activity, and intelligence which has perhaps rarely been seen in a business agent, and which was always pleasantly and warmly recognized by the brothers Harper and their descendants. The friendship thus established was only severed by the inevitable hand of death.

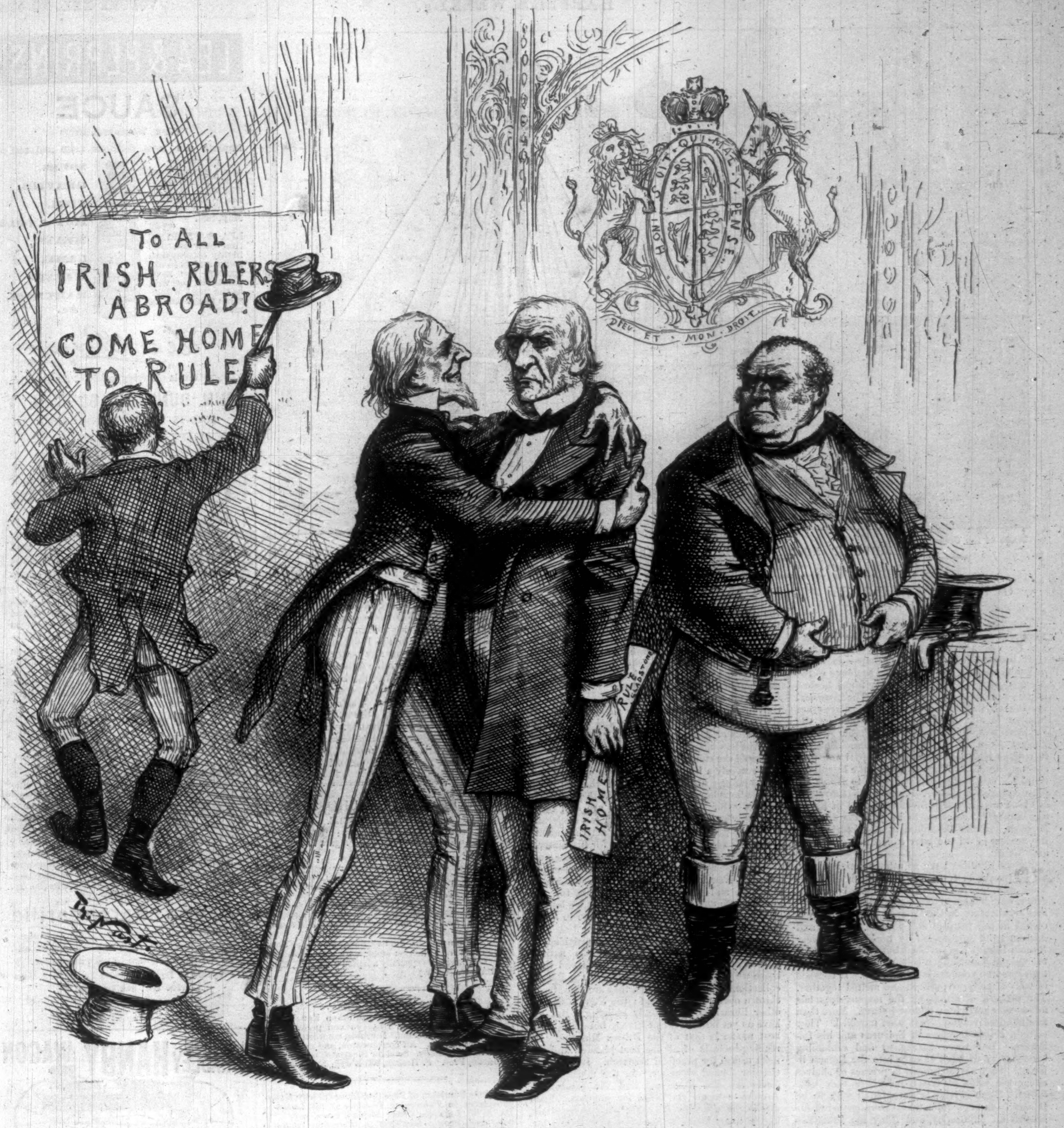
But Mr. Low was not merely a publisher and a bibliographer; he may also be fairly claimed in a modest way as a philanthropist of the best type. He and his excellent eldest son, Sampson, were amongst the first to see the need in which London stood of an efficient means of escape from fire, and about the



SAMPSON LOW. DIED APRIL 16, 1886.



"THE FOURTH TROOPER."—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 269.]


TO ALL IRISH RULERS ABROAD! COME HOME TO RULE
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
DIEU ET MON DROIT
IRISH HOME RULE
Th. Nast

OUR GRATEFUL ENDORSEMENT.

U. S. "By giving the Irish their own country to rule, you emancipate the world in general, and the United States in particular."

year 1840 they set to work with that indomitable energy with which both were equally inspired to establish a society for the protection of life from fire, which, commencing modestly with one or two fire-escapes and conductors, grew under their careful and fostering hands to be one of the largest and most useful societies in the metropolis, until eventually they were instrumental in handing over to the Board of Works a well drilled and established brigade of over a hundred men and well-equipped machines. Whilst the younger SAMPSON, who from childhood had been a confirmed invalid, attended to the financial and official department of their self-imposed duties, the elder SAMPSON may constantly have been seen at any hour of the night, and often in the small hours of the morning, going round to the different and distant parts of the metropolis to see that the men were on duty and on the alert for fire calls. It may with truth be said that in this way hundreds of men, women, and children have owed their safety and their lives to his solitary midnight walks and untiring zeal. Mr. Low's philanthropy was as unostentatious as it was modest. He did "good by stealth," and certainly would have "blushed to find it fame." In this modest way he was the means of establishing day and Sunday schools in his own neighborhood, and has always been an energetic teacher in his Sunday-schools.

When Mr. Low first established his circulating library in Lamb's Conduit Street the future all-absorbing MUDIE could scarcely have reached the dignity of long clothes; but before the middle of the century the course of the aristocracy and gentry of the surrounding squares was (like that of "empire") westward; the neighborhood decidedly went down. Mr. Low sold his library, and established himself, in partnership with his son, in Fleet Street, in the year 1849. In 1852, the year in which the hero of Waterloo died, he removed to much larger premises in Ludgate Hill. In January, 1856, he was joined in partnership by Mr. E. MARSTON, and twelve years afterward occurred the first great sorrow of his life, the death of his much-loved eldest son, SAMPSON. At this period his second son, WILLIAM, and Mr. S. W. SEARLE joined the firm. Then followed the death of his third son, WALTER, and then again, within three months of his golden wedding day, which was never to be reached, came the crowning sorrow of all, the death of her who had been his dearest partner for so many years. This event was followed, a few months later on, by the death of his second son, WILLIAM. These bereavements weighed heavily upon him, but he bore them with calm resignation.

The life and character of such a man as Mr. SAMPSON LOW are worthy at least of this brief and imperfect record, for he tried, most unselfishly, to do good in his day and generation. E. M.

OUR CAVALRY.

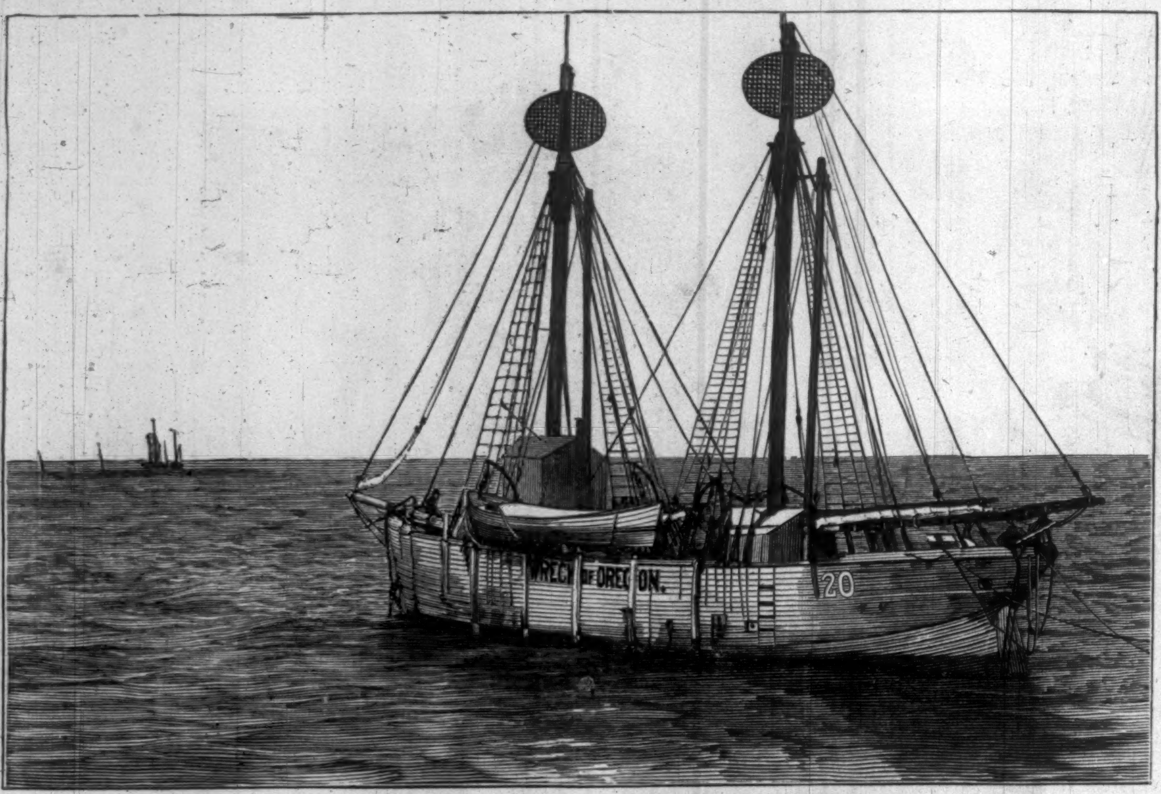
THE illustration entitled "The Fourth Trooper," on the opposite page, shows the nature of the duty imposed upon No. 4, or the fourth man in each set of fours, who holds his own horse and that of his three comrades, while the latter, dismounted, engage the enemy.

In no European army is the proportion of cavalry to other troops so great as in our own. In Austria it is perhaps higher than elsewhere, yet there, we believe, only about sixteen per cent. In Germany, France, and Russia the percentage is a little less, and in England it falls off a great deal. But in our establishment, out of forty regiments of the line, ten are cavalry; and even this does not tell the whole story, since our cavalry regiments contain twelve companies, and the infantry only ten. In short, out of a total of 1567 officers and 20,613 enlisted men in the line regiments, according to the last report of the Lieutenant-General, the cavalry alone contained 424 officers and 7135 men. The total enlisted force at that date, including detachments, was 24,705. Compared with the infantry the cavalry has sixty-five per cent. as many enlisted men—a proportion more than twice that known in the armies of any European army.

As the cavalry is an expensive arm to maintain, from the additional cost and keeping of a horse and the horse equipments for each man, it will be understood that this helps to make our service proportionally more expensive than any other, though a more important reason is that with us the rate of pay is much higher, and also the cost of supplies. But this great ratio of mounted troops, which may seem extraordinary at first, especially when the roughness of much of our country is contrasted with the cleared plains of Europe, becomes perfectly comprehensible when we reflect that the Indian warriors, with whom our army has chiefly to do its fighting in ordinary times, are mounted.

The present illustration will also suggest two other points, one of them being that, in the very nature of things, a great part of our cavalry fighting is done dismounted, the horse being chiefly useful as the transportation to take the soldier to the field where he is wanted. The other point is that a fourth of the effective cavalry force must be deducted from line-of-battle strength, through these duties of the fourth troopers, besides the other usual deductions for train guards and so on.

It is obvious, also, what an advantage in some respects the Indians have over their white pursuers. The former are as well mounted, perhaps better; they have several spare horses for each warrior, taken care of by the squaws and children, where the cavalry have none; they steal fresh horses as they go on. The soldiers and their horses are loaded down with many little things which the savage can do without, as his demands of food and clothing are at the minimum, and he can kill an extra horse or two for a good meal. It is only relentless energy that enables our cavalry to accomplish as much as they do in a wild and difficult country.



Masts of the *Oregon.*

LIGHT-SHIP MOORED APRIL 10 TO MARK THE WRECK OF THE "OREGON."

OUR FUTURE LIBRARY BUILDINGS.

THE most inconvenient libraries we read of were those of the Assyrians and the Hittites; but they were the most durable. They carved their books—their sermons, perhaps—in stone, or baked them in clay. The tiled accounts of the Assyrian cities and their annals are found heaped together in broken piles of brick. The historical carving on the walls of Nineveh's palaces are familiar to all. The poem of Pentaur on the Egyptian temple is the most remarkable and the longest piece of narrative sculpture. But the Egyptians had their libraries of papyri and possibly linen cloths. The learning of the Egyptians could scarcely have been conveyed to Moses by these writings in stone. It was in that mysterious land that libraries first began, and in Egypt the library almost rose to its perfection. The Museum and the Brachium at Alexandria were the models of all the later collections of Greece and Rome.

Roman libraries have so utterly perished that we can scarcely form any conception of them. They were provided for with imperial magnificence, were hidden in the long porticoes of matchless architecture on the Campus Martius, and enclosed in the temples and forums. Cicero and Atticus lived surrounded by books. Yet every Roman library has perished but one. The rare, the unique Herculanean collection of nearly eighteen hundred volumes is well known. It consists of rolls of papyrus parched and melted together. The process of unfolding the manuscripts has advanced slowly for a hundred years. More than five hundred volumes have been unrolled. They contain chiefly treatises of Epicurus and his followers. But these blackened and crumbling leaves carry us back at once into the Roman library. They were arranged in presses or shelves along the walls of the room where they were found. Some inkstands were found with them. It was from such rolls that Cicero gathered his lessons on philosophy, and Pliny his boundless learning.

When the Roman libraries disappeared forever, the Arabs of Bagdad and Cordova began their wonderful collections. They, too, used only rolls of linen, or papyrus, or, later, paper. But their libraries were filled with hundreds of thousands of books. They were supplied, no doubt, like the porticoes of Rome or the Museum at Alexandria, with every convenience the student could require. At Cordova were the books from which Europe took its first lessons in arithmetic and astronomy, chemistry and the higher mathematics. Of all these vast collections only a few manuscripts remain. Condé, the historian of the Moors, laments the destruction of eight thousand volumes in a fire at the Escurial in 1671. *Perdida irreparable!*—"irreparable loss!"—he cries. The libraries of the East have passed away. The wild and fanciful Arabic race conferred upon barbarous Europe its gift of knowledge, and then itself sank again into utter barbarism.

Our modern libraries have never equalled in convenience and attention to the wants of the student the porticoes of Rome and the gardens and walks of Alexandria, nor the graceful arches of priceless marble, hid in orange groves, that sheltered the collections of Hakem II. at Cordova. It is scarcely a hundred years since we have had any complete libraries at all, and the wants of the studious have seldom yet met with proper attention. Our American libraries are still comparatively small, and formed upon too moderate a scale to give satisfaction to the active student. He is still forced to go to Europe for his materials. London, Paris, Berlin, and even Rome and Naples have collections of books and manuscripts to which New York and Boston have nothing to compare, and which carefully provide for the convenience and ease of the student in his labors. It is the part of a fine library to invite to study and contemplation.

The new library building, to be provided at Washington by the liberality of the nation, will no doubt be better suited to this end than those we yet have. The liberality of the Boston collections is well known, and they are generously thrown open to the student; the New York and other librarians are usually obliging. But we have as yet no convenient library building. The best model is that of the British Museum. Its reading-room is of all the best planned and the most useful for practical research. It is a great circular domed chamber. In the midst of the circle are the librarians and the catalogues. Around them are the desks for students. Each one is given a separate desk, writing materials, and as many books as he may choose to call for. The attentive librarians supply all his wants. Nothing more can be desired, it would seem; and around the walls of the room are a great number of books that can be used without the librarians' aid. There is no finer sight in London than this vast room, filled with students, authors, and editors, almost the brain of the metropolis. The French national library has a similar reading-room, but only four books are allowed at a time to each student. The Vatican has rare beauty in its central hall and avenues, but its collection is limited, its manuscripts alone unequalled.

In building our libraries of the future the plan of the British Museum may well be followed. In a small collection it is scarcely necessary; in a large one of one or two millions of volumes, like the British Museum or the French Bibliothèque, it is difficult to see how any better plan can be proposed. The comfortable desks, the lofty ceiling, the attentive librarians, the boundless indulgence in books, seem all that a student can require. Our new library at Washington will be one of the great libraries of the world. In American history it will be unrivalled. Students will come to it from Europe and perhaps Asia. It is for the future that we are to build.

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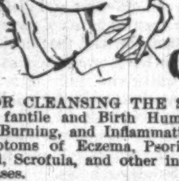

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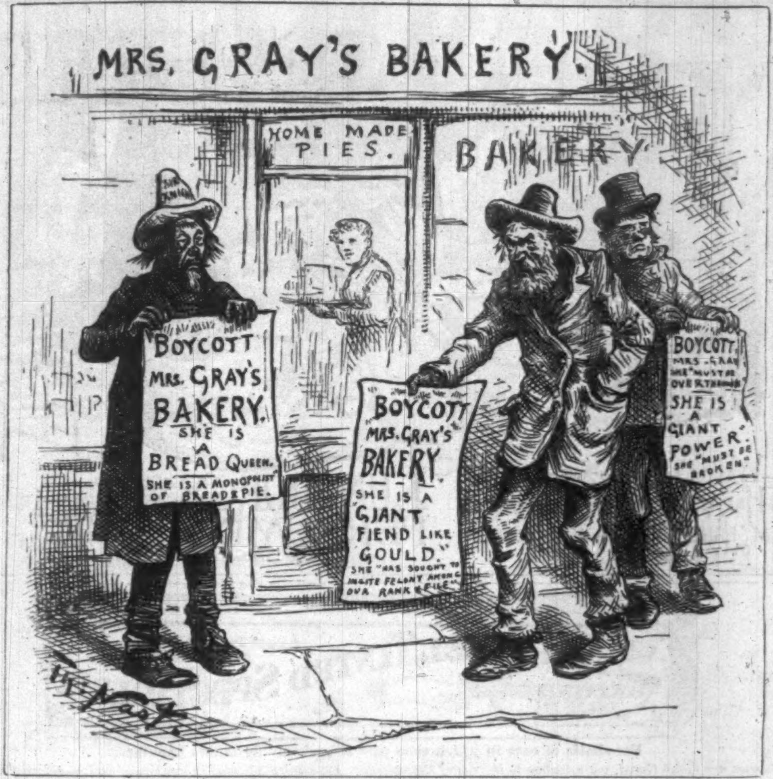
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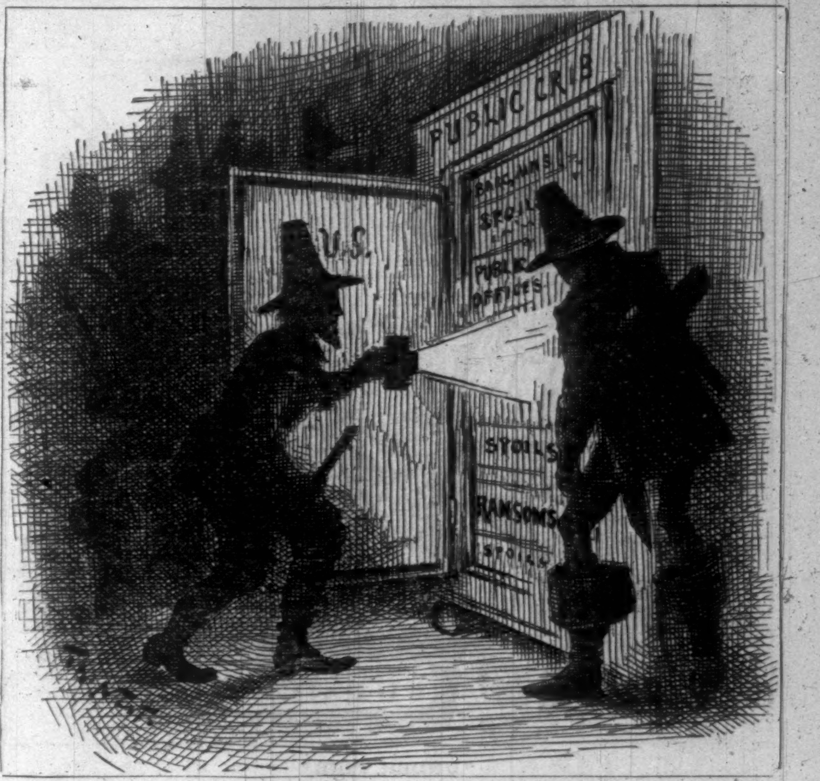

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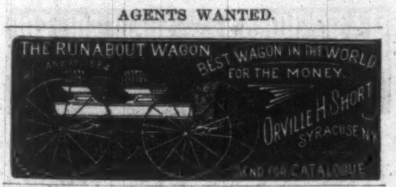

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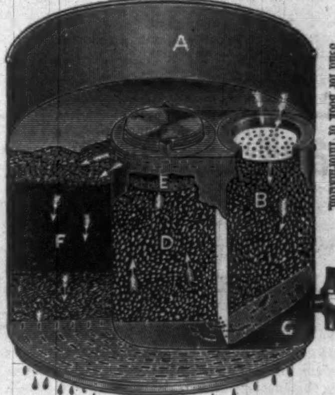

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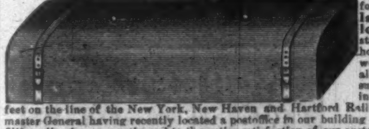

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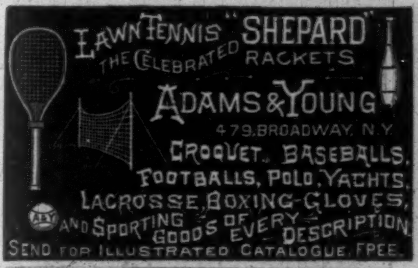

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